



THE AMERICAN

LEHON

MAGAZINE

AUGUST

1941

IN THIS
ISSUE

**WENDELL WILLKIE
MAYOR LA GUARDIA**





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A Letter from a Live Wire

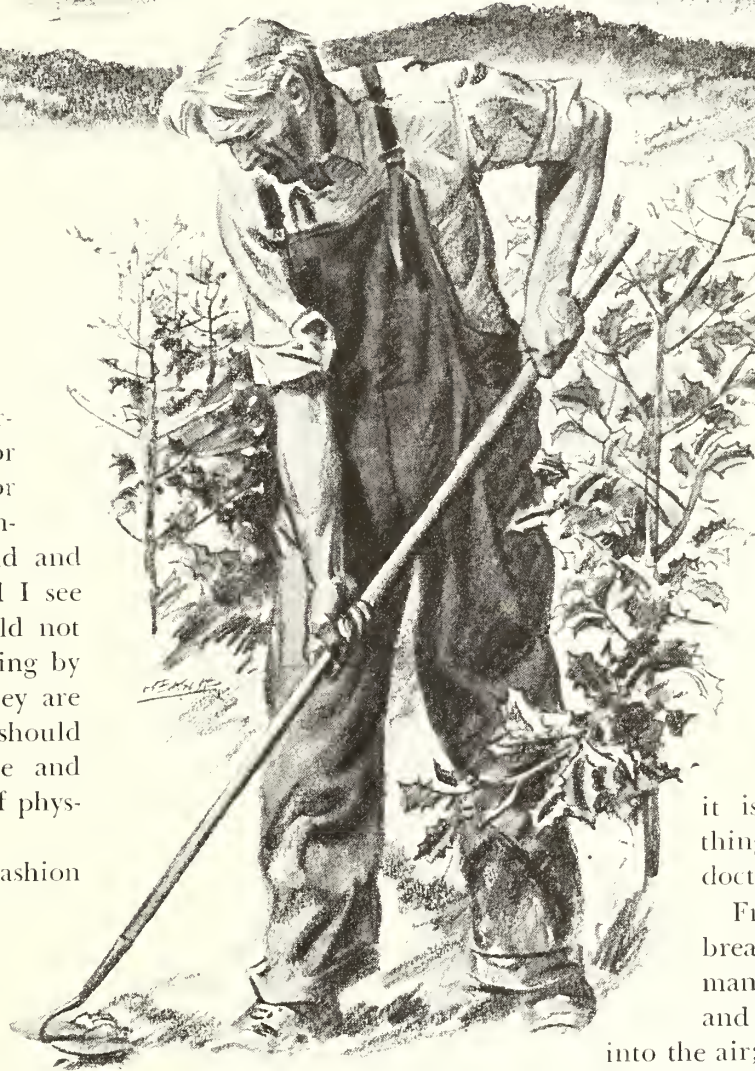
TO THE EDITOR
OF THE AMERICAN
LEGION MAGAZINE:

I FEEL sure it is desirable and possible for any normal man or woman of over 50 to continue to be alert in mind and body for many years, and I see no reason why they should not continue to earn their living by their own efforts until they are at least 80, when they should possibly slow down some and not do much in the way of physical work.

Now I know it is the fashion today for the general public to think that old people should quit work after 65, when they should live on their relatives, or their personal savings, or a pension, or on relief from the Government, and thus live happy and contented till they die.

Believe it or not, a quitter is never happy or contented, at any age under 80. Mother nature helps those that help themselves. You quit work and mother nature quits you, and soon you will be a dead one, in the world's work, so much needed now, even if you still continue to eat and breathe, while the chances are you will not do that much longer.

Personally, I have learned that a quitter gets nowhere, is soon forgotten and not missed, par-



Illustrated by
Will Heaslip

LEGIONNAIRE Howard Stephenson's inspirational *Never, Never Say Die!* in the March issue brought him a flood of letters from people who appreciated the stories of men and women who by courage and clear thinking found a fresh start when their customary way of making a living went blooey. One of the stories Mr. Stephenson told was that of P. H. Peyran of Tacoma, Washington, who was given one year to live away back in 1916. Peyran was then fifty-one years old. He and his wife talked things over and decided they would move out from the city to a little briar patch they owned at nearby Gig Harbor. They're still there, prosperous and happy in their job of raising French holly trees. Mr. Peyran will answer all queries, and welcomes visitors.

ticularly when he gets over 65.

There is one item that Mr. Stephenson did not mention in his article about myself; it is this, among other things told me by the doctor.

French holly trees breathe through their many evergreen leaves and throw out oxygen into the air; they have quantities of leaves, therefore throw out the maximum amount per tree.

Now oxygen produces energy, so I started to grow French holly, have proved out that living in an atmosphere of much oxygen has been good for me and my wife and thus continue to be very much on the job at 76 and expect to be so for some time to come. My suggestion is, grow French holly and live long in contentment and interest in work. The Legionnaires will always be welcome at our home place, Hollycroft Gardens, to see first hand how back to working on the land growing trees is a very interesting and satisfying business. P. H. PEYRAN

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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WE GIVE a special welcome in this issue to Legionnaires Wendell Willkie and F. H. (Fiorello Henry) LaGuardia. The Republican candidate for the Presidency in the 1940 election has added to his stature by his words and deeds in the months since last November, and in his grand article *In Union . . . Strength* you may read sage counsel as well as encouragement for the task ahead of all of us Americans. A member of Summit Post of the Legion in Akron, Ohio, (he was its Commander for two terms) Mr. Willkie now makes his home in New York City, where as you all know Major LaGuardia is Mayor. When we said up above that Mr. Willkie had added to his stature we inevitably thought of the Mayor's diminutive size, but decided not to change the figure of speech, for his honor, though short, is in the cant language of his own Broadway "plenty smart in the head." In addition to his job as chief executive of the largest city of the Western World and as United States Director of Civilian De-

Important

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 57.

fense, Major LaGuardia is Joint Chairman of the Canadian-American Defense
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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

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BATHING BEAUTIES

By Wallgren

Now that they are seasonable & ubiquitous, we recall a few "bathing beauties" of the A.E.F. - memories of which are not beautiful - to say the least!

Gosh!! Imagin bathin' suits like them on the girls back home!!?

My!!

THERE WERE PLENTY OF THEM ON THE BEACHES OF 'ACHES-N' PAINS' AND "BEER-ITCH" - WE HEARD

Phewie!! Git me a qax-max!!

Better throw that uniform away!!

I'm more wetter from perspiration than water!!

It's on full too!!

There aint enuff of a trickie to git th' soap off, even!!

This is goin' be just ducky in winter time!!

You said it!!

AND HOW! WINTER of 1917-18

Sunny Franty!! Ploie!!

Thats right, Buddy!! "Ploie" means "rain" in Frensh!

HOW WE LONGED FOR A NICE COOL SHOWER - UNDER A SHOWER BATH - (AND NOT WHILE IN UNIFORM)

C'mon outa there! It's qittin' too hot around here!!

I can't! - I'm stuck in the mud!!

WE HAVE "ACCIDENTALLY" BATHED IN A POOL SO PUTRID THAT IT REQUIRED 47 RINSINGS IN A CANAL TO GET TO FEELING CLEAN AGAIN.

WE HAVE TRIED TO BATHE IN A CROWDED "FROG ENGINEERS BATH-WASH-HOUSE" - WITH A FEW PIPE LINES PIERCED WITH HOLES, EMITTING SINGLE FEEBLE JETS OF TEPID WATER, AS MAKESHIFT "SHOWERS".

WE GOT USED TO MUD BATHS ALL OVER FRANCE - EVEN IN SHELL HOLES - TO GET RELIEF FROM THE HEAT, AND COOTIES.



WE HAVE BATHED IN VILLAGE WASH-HOUSES - MUCH TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THE "BLANCHISSEUSES".



WE HAVE BATHED, FREQUENTLY, IN TOWN FOUNTAINS - JUST TO DAMPEN OUR BUBBLING SPIRITS ...

Lemme cuta here!! I'm parboiled awreddy!! Help!!

Fine! When your skin starts peeling off use this scrubbing brush -

And then rub this sulphur emment in good!!

WE HAVE BATHED IN SCALDING HOT WATER - TRYING TO GET RID OF A CASE OF "FRENCH ITCH" -



WE HAVE BATHED IN ICE-COLD SPRING-WATER FROM A WELL - IN MID-WINTER: (BRR-RR!! DON'T THIS MAKE YOU FEEL NICE AND COOL?)

BAINS → CHAUD ET FROID - 2°.



WE HAVE BATHED IN BIG TIN TUBS IN "Le BAINS PUBLIQUE" - AND BEEN OFFERED "ASSISTS"

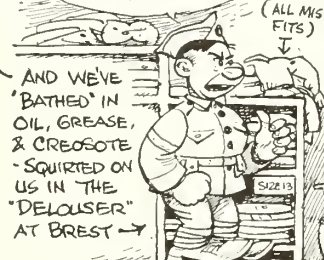


WE HAVE MELTED COUNTLESS BUCKETS OF SNOW - TO GET ENOUGH WATER FOR A HOT BATH ...

Here - Grab a suit of undies - and keep moving, soldier!!

SINGLE STREAM SHOWER BATHS -

Wot!!? Aintcha goin' give us time to wrench this muck off, even!!?



WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO JACK R. C. CANN - WHO WROTE ABOUT THE "PLACES HE SLEPT IN" -

IT'S YOURS
IT'S MINE



Commander Warner and Director LaGuardia talk it over

IT'S Everybody's JOB

WHEN Milo J. Warner, National Commander of The American Legion, walked into my office some weeks ago, shot out his hand and said, "Major, I come to pledge you my full and complete coöperation and that of every Post and member of the Legion," I knew that my job was made much easier, the training period reduced by one-half and that we could soon have a civilian defense force the like of which is yet to be seen. It wasn't but a few weeks before this day that National Commander Warner sat in my office in City Hall and we were chatting just before he flew to London on his tour of observation and study. Even during the short period of six weeks the world situation had changed. Our relative position in the world crisis had become more acute. We seemed to be nearer the point of danger.

At that earlier meeting we discussed the "old war." We had mental pictures of the horror of the present war. We visualized cities under attack,

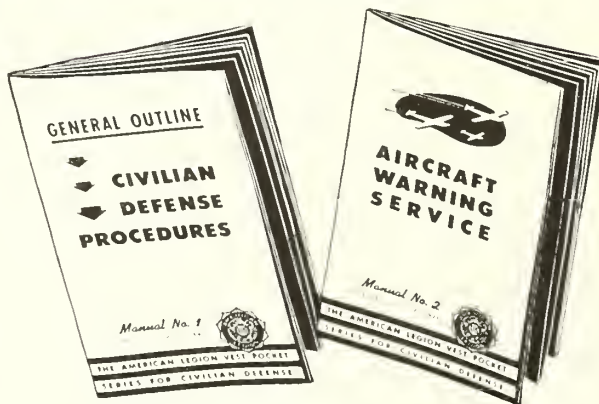
By F. H.
LAGUARDIA

DIRECTOR, UNITED STATES
OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE

First of six civilian defense manuals. You'll have the rest shortly

civilian populations under fire, women and children killed by air bombing. This time as we talked the Commander was not drawing on his imagination. It was no longer an imaginary picture. He had been there, had seen. He had witnessed the destruction wrought by long-sustained attacks. He was telling the grim and hard story of a brave people taking terrific punishment day after day, night after night. We compared the technique of the present war with that of the old. We agreed that war no longer could be localized. War zones seem no longer to exist. A front-line trench, if there is one, seems to be the safest place. Every city is a bombing target, every industrial center a bombing objective. Protection and rights of non-combatants are wiped away. Every resident of a city—men, women and children—is subject to attack and may actually at any moment of the day or night be under fire. This has brought into existence a new army—the civilian defense force.

The job of forming this new





1918 British veterans take a hand in home defense. Right, a group of business men practise with a fire pump

civilian army, of coordinating all existing forces, or preparing the necessary training, finding ways and means to obtain the necessary equipment, are all part of the U. S. Office of Civilian Defense. We do not start from scratch. We have before us two years of the hard experience of the people of England. We have the benefit of having observed the development of this new army of civilian defense. The improvement in the equipment and the skill developed in fire fighting under war conditions, all contribute to make our task that much easier.

The President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of the nation's armed forces, vested with

the responsibility of protecting our shores and our institutions, has established the United States Office of Civilian Defense. The order has been given, the call has gone out. Members of The American Legion, along with those of other veteran organizations and patriotic, fraternal, industrial and labor bodies, men and women all over the country have responded. Our work has commenced.

Our very first duty is to educate the American people to the necessity of remaining calm, and keeping cool under fire. It must be remembered that very few of our people as civilians have known the horrors of actual warfare. Surely none of our generation. Our people must first realize that we can no longer de-

pend upon distance for protection. It is as necessary for civilians to undergo training at this time as it is to train men in the armed forces of the Army and Navy. To bring terror to the civilian population, to detract from a prepared program of production of weapons of defense and offense, to create confusion and destroy the morale

through the death of his own comrades and in many instances the loss of part of his own blood the necessity of being calm and collected, cool and disciplined. He has learned through actual experience that every individual cannot work out his own plan of attack or plan of defense. That there must be but one plan and that every individual must accept that plan, obey orders, go to his post and follow instructions. All of that is true in the case of civilian defense.

The conditions in each city are studied, the best protection for every individual is carefully surveyed. The plan is worked out and every man, woman and child in the city, in the county, in the village or town must play the game, do his or her part by remaining or going to his assigned place; thus the loss of life will be greatly reduced. Part of the purpose of an air attack is to create confusion, with resulting panic. The natural tendency is for people to run out, to gather and



pend upon distance for protection. It is as necessary for civilians to undergo training at this time as it is to train men in the armed forces of the Army and Navy. To bring terror to the civilian population, to detract from a prepared program of production of weapons of defense and offense, to create confusion and destroy the morale



An American Woman's Ambulance corps surveys damage to its British quarters, prepares to carry on

congregate in large numbers. This must be avoided.

So in this first course of training every Legionnaire must instruct his own family, his neighbor, his friends, his fellow workers, and impress upon them the necessity of following instructions, which will be provided for every

block in every city, village and town and for every house in every block. If the order is lights out, lights must be turned out. If the order is to remain in the building, this must be obeyed. If there is excitement a few blocks away the temptation to rush there must be resisted. It will

(Continued on page 38)



Putting out a fire caused by incendiary bombs. At left, air raid wardens sound the alarm

are all part of the new technique of war.

The Legionnaire now becomes a new kind of drillmaster—an instructor in civilian defense. He has been under fire, he knows the first feeling, he has gone through the reaction, he has learned

CHIKO is Mike Oslanski's word for Uncle. He always calls his country Chiko Sam. You bet on it, America is Mike's country. Of course, I know: if your name ends in ski or vitch you're a Column-Fiver, or a Communist, or something. Well, let me tell you. I am the transportation super at Susquehanna Steel, and a fifth generation American, by grace of God; and Mike Oslanski is the foreman of one of my track gangs, and first generation American by choice—and a better one than I.

The reason Mike is better is that I, like too many other Americans, have gone a little soft, and most particularly where we should be hard as spikes—with the internal enemies of Uncle Sam. This is a thing Mike simply cannot understand. Mike has still left in him a

lot of the old primitive South-Slav gift for hatred; especially for any one who will try to undermine his country's strength. Mike appreciates what he's got here in America. And no one in Ironville is going to suspect Mike, or Mike's people, of un-American activities—not after their swift justice with the men who wrecked the 44-inch mill.

How Mike happened to suspect Carl Chrester—boss heater, mind you, at the 44-inch mill soaking pits—is no part of this small report. What matters is that Mike thought me as good an American as he was, and came to me with the suggestion that we search Chrester's house.

Chrester's house is on Bessemer Street, which runs along the north end of the plant. It is in the same row as Mike's house. There's Mike's place; then his next door neighbor, Steve Tsrnkovitch,

who runs the 99, the big mogul yard shifter; then comes Chrester's place, where, with several other mill hands, he keeps bachelor's hall.

We waited till a day when working schedules showed that Chrester and his buddies all were on the plant, and then we paid our visit. And what we found! We found a brief-case, with the whole lay-out in it for the Fifth-column program of steel mill sabotage. Places, times, plans, and personnel. And on the very top page was our 44-inch mill; all set for destruction when its present shut-down for repairs was over. And the shut-down was to end at noon that day.

There was a telephone, and I had just grabbed it and was intently trying to reach the mill, Mike meanwhile reading with great labor the details of the wrecking plan to me, when we heard

NEPHEWS OF *Chiko*



I snatched the gun up before the stony-faced blond man could make a move

this form behind us:

"Get into that closet over there."

And there was Chrester.

In one hand Chrester held the lives of many men—ten maybe; and we were only two. So I grabbed Mike's arm and twisted him away from death and toward the door that Chrester indicated. There was an hour left in which, somehow, to warn the mill. You can't warn mills with bullets in your skull.

Sam



Illustrations by J. W. Schlaikser



By

R. G. KIRK

"Looks like we picked a bad day for our visit, Chrester," I remarked. "You wouldn't be on the job today." I tapped the papers from the brief-case. "Good chance to get killed where you work. Or is your real work murder, and not heating ingots?"

"Shut up," said Chrester. "Lively. Shut the door after you."

We heard him turn the key carefully.

An hour. Then sure hell if we didn't get that warning through. The plan called for the blow-up of the 44-inch mill fly-wheel. Feasible enough. The huge spokes of the fly-wheel are set in sockets of the hub and fastened there by pairs of heavy bolts. The bolts for one spoke were to be removed. Smart business. Nobody ever inspects the fly-wheel. Nothing ever gets the matter with it. It is so massive, simple. It sits in its huge bearings, and you keep them oiled, and it just whirls and whirls, hour after hour, in smooth and ponderous speed, quietly storing up the energy of a thousand elephants, which the mill will call on as it must when the sudden heavy loads come, squeezing down the great hot blocks of steel.

Nobody ever looks down into the greasy darkness of the fly-wheel pit, where, all unseen, the big bolts could be loosened. The hardest part of that murder job would be to steal the giant wrench to do it from the tool room. But it could be done;

had been. For we didn't save our giant rolling mill that day.

Let's understand the bursting of a fly-wheel. Recall what brought Goliath down? A sling. Cords four or five feet long, and a big brook rock in the leather pocket. A strapping lad, young David was. He whirled that ancient weapon till the long cords were a blur; then let one go. And the stone shot at Goliath, and drilled his thick skull like you'd throw a marble through an egg shell. Powerful medicine, centrifugal force.

A rolling mill fly-wheel is about the most centrifugal force there is—the most terrific of potential slings. Should one of its mighty spokes let go, it would be David loosing his sling cord—multiplied by a billion. Thinking about it made me sick with dread.

"We've got to make a bust out, Mike," I whispered. "Unless we get word to the mill a dozen men may die."

"T'ousand," answered Mike. "Chiko Sam need dot mill."

And I knew he was thinking. Women and children in Mike's thousand; some of them our own, maybe. All because traitors halted the making of steel for their defense.

"You say word, boss," Mike whispered. "We bust dem door togedder. Den me, I knock dot Chrester bum wit' gun cockeye. You go for outside door, for Bessemer Street, like hell. Run. Ketch'm telephone some place. Tell mill—"

But voices started speaking in the room. One we did not recognize. The Sabotage High Command, we guessed. We heard most everything they said.

(Continued on page 41)

IN UNION..

By **WENDELL L.
WILLKIE**



A REPRODUCTION OF THE NATIONAL UNITY PAINTING BY
J. W. SCHLAIKJER USED AS OUR JANUARY 1941 COVER

I THANK The American Legion Magazine for this opportunity to speak to my old companions of the last World War. And I congratulate The American Legion on the clear-headed and forthright position which it has taken in the present world crisis.

We who tried in the last war to make the world safe for democracy and then found much disillusionment and heartbreak in the political leadership of subsequent years, might well be the ones leading America to negation and isolation and defeatism. But

STRENGTH

it is significant that both through our elected Legion officials and through individual members, it is the soldiers of 1917 to 1919 who today are calling America to world leadership, in the cause of human freedom.

We ask no one to cry over the risks we took or the hazards we faced. Those memories are our most cherished possession—and the more so because they involved sacrifice and service and unselfish high adventure.

But we are little impressed when among those who did not serve an insignificant few proclaim that the most idealistic as well as realistic effort of our lives was futile and of no accomplishment. It may seem slight to some but after all we did contribute the final strength that stopped the menace of German militarism and autocracy in 1919. And with all of the depression and tragedy of the last twenty years, it is probably nevertheless true that if we had not fought then there would be no liberty to fight for now.

The mistake we made was not that we fought then but that we did not fight later to transform our victory into its full significance and possibilities. We should have seen to it that a world was created of enlarged trade areas, without prohibitive barriers and free of bitter nationalisms. In this way we might have offset a peace treaty written in hate, with unpayable indemnities and economic degradation—the sure method of guaranteeing another war. That was our mistake, not that we fought for the things we believed in.

Those things we still believe in.

And we do not want our sons taught that there is nothing in this world worth fighting for. Above all, we do not want either intellectuals or political demagogues to fill them with cynicism about liberty or democracy or the American way—that is not the heritage of our efforts.

We met one crisis in our time and now our country faces another critical moment, surrounded as it is by the on-sweeping forces of totalitarianism. Our administration, elected for a constitutional period, has with an overwhelming majority of our representatives in Congress, declared the foreign policy of the United States. We can have only one Administration and only one foreign policy at any one time. And when through our elected representatives we have determined that policy, every American citizen should help to make it effective.

Legitimate debate is wise—and our duty—but at-

tempts to stultify action and disunite our people by mere political harangue are in effect sabotaging their will.

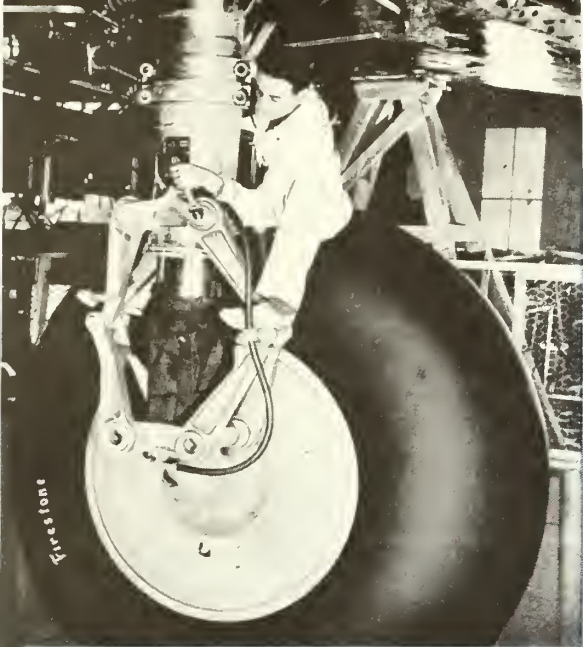
Our country is in danger and needs our united effort. In my case, I support the foreign policy of the Administration irrespective of my disagreement with many of its other policies, not alone because it is one's clear duty to do so but because I believe it a wise and right and necessary course. And this, I am sure, is the attitude of most of the soldiers of 1917-19. We know that the doctrine of the "New Order" as proclaimed by Hitler and Goebbels and Mussolini and the leaders of Japan, definitely intends and will accomplish the economic ruin of the United States unless it is stopped, and that the rescue of Great Britain is a military necessity to the defense of the United States.

If the United States is to be effective in carrying out her foreign policy, she must in fact become the *United States of America*. Individual action must, during this period, be subordinated to the general good. Sacrifice must be made by all. Every group—economic, social and political—must forget its individual objectives and join in the common purposes of the nation. We face a foe organized, effective, confident, with a highly trained and completely coördinated people, possessed of great ingenuity and the finest military machine ever created.

Ours is the task of bringing the great resources of our land—varied and abundant—our vast industrial production and the resources of human and spiritual strength of our people into one united effort to meet this threat. The time for hesitation and doubt, for disunity and discord, is past. The time for action is at hand. Hitler may say it is war. We cannot foresee the future.

But we know today that we must clear the Atlantic so that the products of our toil and sweat reach the fighting men of Britain—we know that every hour they stand up is an hour gained in our own defense. We know that every hour we lose in building that defense is an hour gained by Hitler. And above all, we know that every sign of disunion in America gives comfort to the totalitarian powers, for they know that in Union there is Strength.

I am sure that America, in this fateful moment, will again demonstrate that democracy can, through united effort, out-produce and if need be, out-fight the scientific slavery of Nazism.

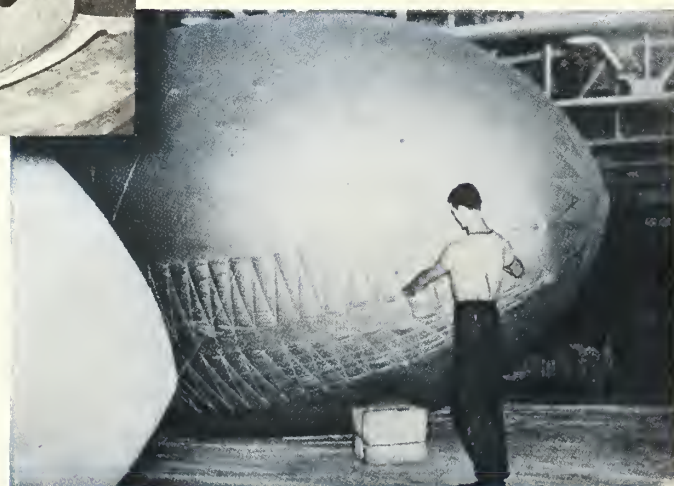
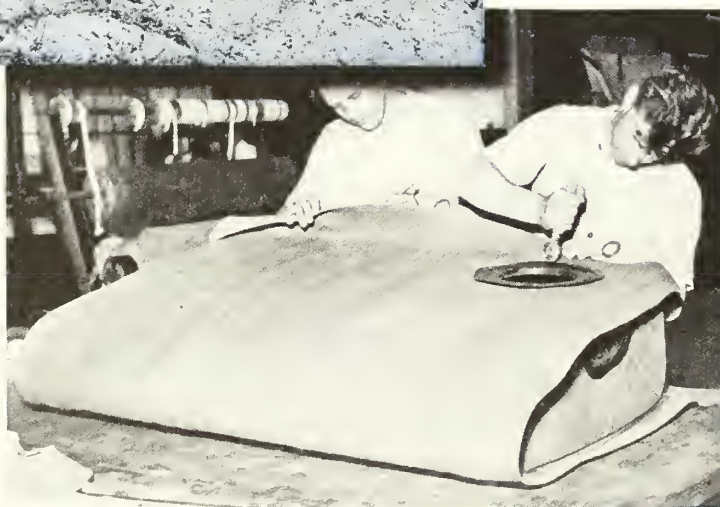


GOTTA HAVE

practice today, or even passé. Today's armies travel, not merely on their stomachs, as Frederick the Great said so pointedly. Today's warriors move swiftly into battle on rubber.

You know, no doubt, that the familiar "caterpillar" tread of army trucks and tanks is now generally made of rubber segments, to give a firmer purchase on uneven ground, to permit higher speeds, and to reduce shocks to the machinery and the operators. But do you know that recent U. S. Army specifications stipulate about fifty pounds of latex foam must be used inside each 28-ton U. S. tank, to cushion corners and save our men from being bruised? Considering that a latex single mattress weighs twenty-five pounds, that is a lot of cushion. But it is needed.

Military uses for rubber include, at top, huge airplane tires and, above, tires for tanks



Left above, workmen employ rubber for bullet-sealing gasoline tanks, and above, in the manufacture of blimps

WHEN the French commandeered the taxicabs of Paris and rushed 6,000 delighted soldiers into the First Battle of the Marne, Paris was saved. That was September 7, 1914. It was an epoch-making event of the First World War.

When in June, 1940, the blitzkrieking Nazi army again threatened Paris, the bewildered French marshaled what equipment they could—including, I do not doubt, those self-same taxicabs. But this time they faced an army fully motorized. Trucks operating at high speeds—whole battalions on motorcycles—hundreds of invulnerable men inside tanks, killing from behind the lines and setting fire to every third house so that terror could do its work—these were part of the Nazi offensive. And those tanks operated, not at the six or eight miles of a World War tank, but at speeds of forty miles an hour.

That gives you some idea of how modern war has speeded up. What was a brilliant performance in 1914-1918 is standard



Gas-masks—paramount against the deadliest form of warfare—are largely of rubber, and, right, we find caterpillar tracks



RUBBER TO WIN

Ingeniously enough, the gunners inside the tank avoid injury and increase accuracy by pressing their foreheads into rubber eye-pieces while sighting the guns!

Today's airplanes could not fly without rubber. All through the past two winters British and Canadian pilots flew new U. S. bombing-planes from Newfoundland to England. The planes followed a northerly route, full of snow and sleet. Only a few years ago the planes never would have reached England under bad weather conditions, for bombers with their large wing-spans could pick up tons of ice and would then fall into the sea because of the added weight. But an American invention called the De-Icer cracks this ice loose as fast as it forms. The De-Icer is a rubber membrane with tubes on the leading edge of airplane wings and control surfaces. These are pulsed by compressed air. The De-Icer is standard on all U. S. transport planes, and of course on most U. S. combat planes.

Airplane manufacturers use rubber tubing in some places instead of copper tubing, the rubber being easier to install and also less liable to jolt loose or crack under vibration. There



Above, a "non-terrifying" rubber gas-mask; left, de-icers for airplane wings, and below, left, testing puncture-proof auto tires



is plenty of rubber, both seen and unseen, to keep the plane aloft. Rubber-insulated wires operate the controls and the radio; the pilot may wear a rubberized flying-suit and electrically-heated underwear and boots.

made safe with rubber, for at 35,000-feet altitude the temperature, even during daylight hours, is usually well below zero. Rubber helmets cushion the shock in case of a crash. A high-altitude rubber oxygen-mask is standard equipment for today's army aviators.

When a plane is forced down into water, rubber bladders or flotation bags,

(Continued on page 56)

By
**FRED B.
BARTON**



United States—and his surviving men were the first to sail round the world.

Great captains these, of vast daring, resolution and resource; peak men of all time who stand against the sky. They were brothers to the fightingest man America ever knew to wield broadsword, musket or bayonet in her behalf. He was a Portuguese.

His start in America was as an immigrant by force, a public charge, an alien waif. His fame reaches across the

the ceiling as though I had been a doll-baby. My weight was 195 pounds."

Dark-eyed, swarthy of skin, bold and manly of feature, six feet six, 260 pounds, hands and feet uncommonly large, a strength beyond human; that was Peter Francisco. A soldier in the Continental Army at fifteen and for more than four years after, audacious, fearless, resourceful; that was Peter Francisco, too. Native of Portugal, lover of his new country, terrible in combat, valiant against odds, loyal to comrades, obedient to superiors, modest before preferment; again, Peter Francisco.

Names of great aliens are held in honor throughout America, some in en-

Never heard

Then Meet Private Peter Francisco, Portuguese Born, Whose Mighty Deeds Helped Us Win Our Independence

PORTUGAL and the United States, one may think, have had little interest in common through the years. Except in routine commerce, their ways have seldom crossed. Yet from the discoveries of the early Portuguese navigators to today's boon of an open door for the interchanges of neutral nations in a Europe at war, Portugal has had profound influence on, even contributed valuable service to, America.

When the Ottoman Turks advanced into Europe in the fifteenth century and closed the internal trade routes to Eastern Asia, Portuguese sailors pushed through unknown waters seeking an ocean route instead, and found it. Before Columbus sailed, Bartholomew Dias rounded the southern tip of Africa. Hard upon him, Vasco da Gama pressed on to India itself, his feat suggesting that the western islands and coasts of the great Christopher were new lands between Europe and Asia and that they might be sailed through or around to India.

Another followed Gama with the discovery of Brazil, to be a Portuguese colony for three hundred years thereafter; and today coffee drinkers in America, wittingly or unwittingly, pay a tribute of praise to Pedro Alvares Cabral. Magellan, a Portuguese sailing under the flag of Spain, discovered the Strait of Magellan and the Philippine Islands—

islands of some recent concern to the continent; Virginia cherishes him as patriot and soldier of heroic exploits, of surpassing prowess in singlehanded combat, of deeds of appalling physical strength. Soil from his grave nourishes one of the Liberty Trees in California. A mighty man was he.

When Virginia children read "The Village Blacksmith," as they still do, to them that worthy's brawny arms were like the arms of Peter Francisco, who also, they know, was a smith and had large and sinewy hands. When they come to the very strong man Kwasind in "The Song of Hiawatha," they compare him with Peter Francisco. Paul Bunyan is just another Peter to them. Introduced to Samson who threw down the temple, they may insist with stout Old Dominion pride that Peter also could have done it.

Strong men of history and strong men of fiction alike bring to their minds their own by no means legendary hero whose strength was as the strength of ten and who could lay about him as if everywhere at once. Cleaving a man's skull down to his shoulders with a stroke of his broadsword, dead as the brand Excalibur; lifting a cannon weighing eleven hundred pounds—such were as nothing to him.

A contemporary, "a highly respectable gentleman," testified that this strong man of Virginia could bear him upright in the palm of his hand. He "could take me in his right hand and pass over the room with me, and play my head against



By **THOMAS J. MALONE**

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

during affection; of aliens especially who gave themselves to this country's cause in its beginning, served in its armies, risked person and fortune in its interest, even died for it. There was Lafayette for France, friend to all Americans then and since; Kosciusko and Pulaski for Poland; Steuben for Prussia. Men of family they, of position in their own lands, who became officers and led American troops, were close to the commanding general himself.

For every alien of mark there were hundreds of aliens of much lesser note or no note at all who fought in the ranks.

Of such, for Portugal, Peter Francisco. The boy Lafayette, of noble lineage, rich in his own right, forbidden by his King to make the crossing, at twenty fought at Brandywine as a major general. In his command in that battle was the boy Peter Francisco, sixteen, beginning to make a name for himself as a terror of a fighting man. Peter was of obscure origin, of unknown parents, and a private soldier.

He had only vague recollections of his parents but supposed he had been born in Portugal, about 1761, kidnapped when four or five years old and taken on board a ship that sailed for America. When the ship arrived at City Point, now Hopewell, Virginia, some sailors dumped the boy on shore and rowed back. The ship left at once and was never heard of later.

The boy could speak a little Spanish, or Portuguese, and a few words of English, the latter doubtless picked up on the ship. He knew his name. The parish authorities took him in hand and saw to his needs while looking about to find a home for him. In a week or so a home was found with the family of Judge Anthony Winston of Buckingham County, an uncle of Patrick Henry. The judge took a liking to the boy and he lived and worked on the Winston estate until soon after the outbreak of the Revolution.

This is the story of Peter's coming to America as supported by descendants today, who say it is his own account of the little he knew of his origin. They disclaim another story, once current. According to it, his captors left him in Ireland and, after an unstated time there, he indentured himself to a sea-captain for a passage to America, where on

(Continued on page 39)

of him?

With a bayonet through his leg, Francisco brought the great cleaver down on the luckless man



An A. E. F. Sergeant Becomes a Rookie to Size Up the 1941 Army



WE STOOD in the blazing heat of the blinding Florida sunshine. Before us, in the heat shimmer, was a low wooden building marked, "Induction and Recruiting Center."

Major Harry A. Johnston, Camp Blanding's Public Relations Officer, grinned and said, "Okay, Private problem Painton, there's the New Army's assembly line; selectees go in one door civilians, and come out the other soldiers—in twenty-four hours. If you want to



HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT

find out how it's done, that's where you start."

As I looked, a group of husky young lads—as young as I was twenty-four years ago—swung off a bus and with suitcases in hand marched awkwardly into the building. I started toward them; to go through the mill with them, the only difference being that I would be a soldier for five days, and they would be in for a year.

But before I took a step the major grasped my arm and swung me to face west past Kingsley Lake. He pointed to a platoon of recently-inducted selectees clad in gray-green fatigue coveralls. They were going back and forth in the intricate process of learning, "to the rear—harch."

"And, you bald headed old buzzard," chuckled Harry, "if you can still take it you'd better go through the school of the soldier. That's *new*, too, and it'll carve a few pounds off that fallen chest of yours."

By

**FREDERICK
C. PAINTON**

With that he left me to my assignment of examining this new Army and contrasting its ways with the Army you and I belonged to twenty-four years ago. Let me say that for twenty of those years I have, from time to time, written about soldiers and outfits from companies to Divisions. So I walked into the induction building, figuring I had a head start on this job. I found out I didn't know my arm from

**They really outfit you in this
man's Army of 1941**



The uniformed doughboy on this page is in the blue denim (remember 1918 fatigue dress?) used in tactical exercises. On the opposite page your soldier is clad in the summer khaki. To their right and left are selectees on their way to camp



Again



a wet brick. This Army, in practically every way, is as different from yours and mine of 1917-1918 as we differed from Washington's Continentals.

So draw up a chair and be prepared for a surprise.

Off-hand it looked familiar enough at first. The youngsters, bewildered, lonely, uneasy in this new world of arms and uni-

forms. The old cry, "Get in line," and then moving slowly down past cubicles where starched khaki-clad privates took all of your history you could remember. One new question was added, "Can you read and write?" and then a little examination to prove it in doubtful cases. Did we reject illiterates in 1917? It doesn't come within my experience.

Certainly the Army rejects them now. It rejects the astonishingly high figure of eighteen percent of those certified by the draft boards. And it was here I saw my first difference between 1917 and now.

This Army is taking only the cream.

By that I mean that in 1917-1918 the Army took doubtful men. A case of flat feet got you limited service; if you had to wear thick-lensed glasses you could still push a pen. Varicocele didn't prevent your driving a truck.

Private Painton as he began his short hitch in today's Army

Now, the doubtful, marginal men are rejected. I saw the record of one man rejected because of "inadequate personality." Bad "occlusion," which means your upper and lower teeth don't meet well enough to eat your chow, gets you rejected. And this Army doesn't want you unless your below-normal vision can be brought to normal by glasses.

The all-around health of this Army is better than ours of the last war. Twenty years hence there won't be a hefty number of this Army's disabled in government hospitals suffering from mental diseases.

We moved now to the final cubicle in this building. Here a young captain said quietly, "Men, I have here the oath that makes you members of the United States Army. I want you to remember it is an oath and repeat it with me with your hearts and your minds."

He read by phrases, "I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America; that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the officers appointed over me according to the rules and articles of war."

Was it my imagination or did these lads, still in civvies, stand a little straighter as we crossed the road to the cafeteria for chow? They were soldiers now! And somehow I envied them their youth and their opportunity.

The chow this Army eats would stun you! We sat down to fried chicken, black-eyed peas, mashed potatoes, lettuce and tomato salad, iced tea and—Lord save the mark!—ice cream and cookies.

(Continued on page 42)

TINDERBOX OFF *ASIA*



FOR all of her bluster about "Asia for Asiatics," Japan knows that she can never hope to dominate the Orient without active, continuous coöperation of a first-class foreign military Power. And that Power is Germany, which, as these lines are written, is attacking the Russian Soviets.

What Japan calls "the incident in China" and which everybody else calls "unprovoked war" was what awoke Japan from her long dream of becoming sole dictator of Asia. And those of us who assume to first-hand knowledge, gained by having lived in the Far East, were not surprised when Japan joined the Rome-Berlin Axis.

But that Japan and Germany combined can eventually triumph as joint rulers of the Far East is not an acceptable theory to anyone familiar with the striking power, efficiency, strategy and courage of American defense forces. In answer to the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo pact, the menace to peace in the Orient, America merely extended her defense lines farther across the Pacific and on into the Indian Ocean, a far-flung outpost beyond the anticipation of American strategists of the nineties.

Yet in the broad and changed aspects of the Far East Problem cognizance must be taken of factors which may keep us from any quick mop-up of Japan and Germany in our determination to maintain the traditional Open Door of commerce and industry in the Orient. As a side issue, let it be said that the loss of the Philippine Islands would mean that 200,000 workmen in various American industries would go on the unemployed rolls. That's how the import and export figures work out.

"Can the United States beat Japan *and* Germany in the Far East?"

That is the question I asked many people in the recent three years which I spent in the Orient. And I asked the same question everywhere from Suez on around to Manchoukuo, for my travels took me to Ceylon, Singapore, the Netherlands East Indies, French Indo-China, the Philippines, South China, Central China, North China, Manchoukuo and Japan.

The answer I got was this: "Yes, if the United States is strongly entrenched in Manila and at Britain's Singapore naval base in the Indian Ocean."

And that, thanks to our dependable strategists in Washington, is now an accomplished fact.

The recent conversations between Prime Minister Yosuke Matsuoka and Hitler were not merely a polite affirmation



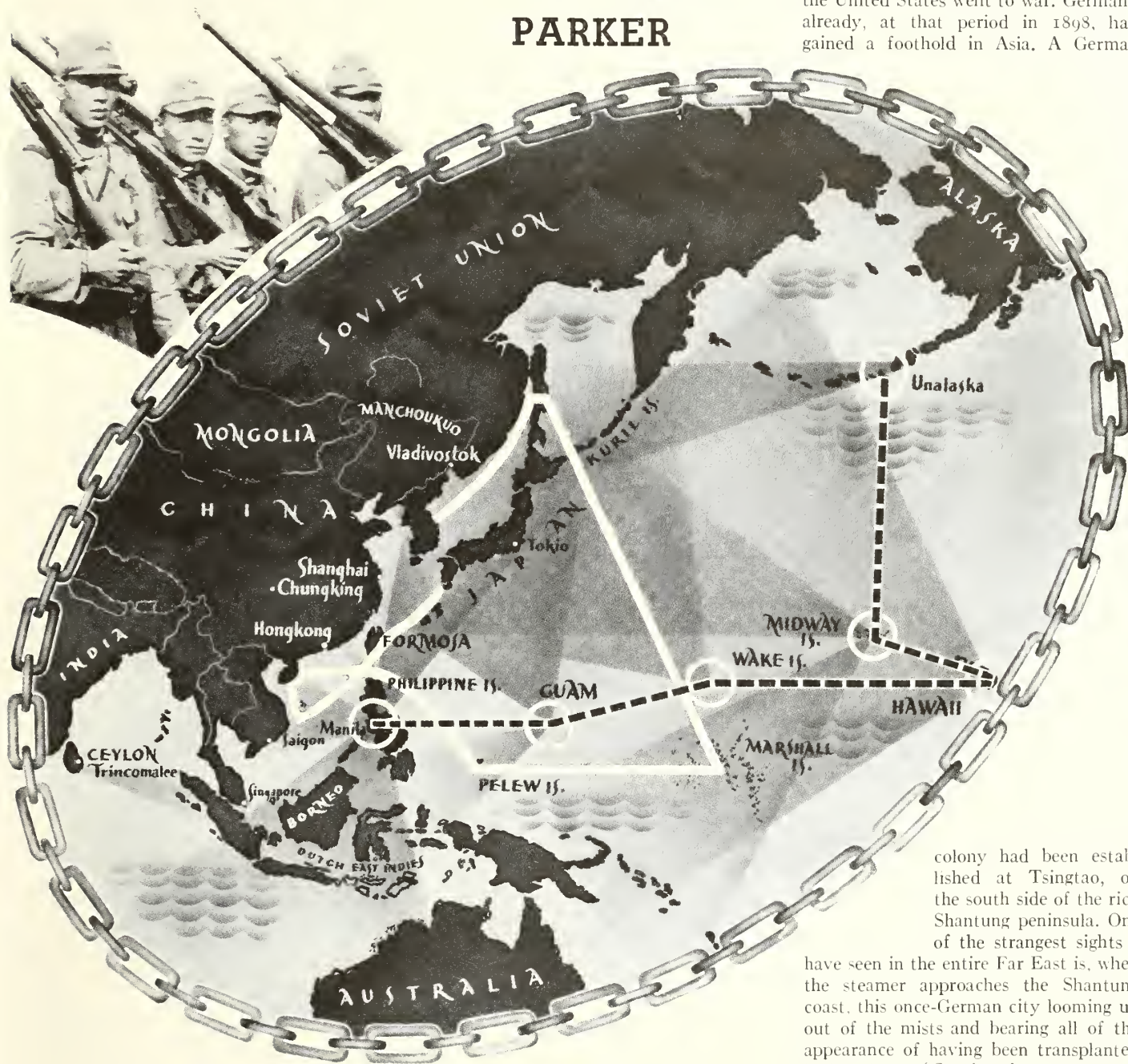
From the bottom: Tokyo, can't-miss target for bombers, an anti-aircraft installation at Singapore, a section of Manila, and Jap soldiers on the march

of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo pact. The Far East knew long ago that a Hitler blitzkrieg through the Balkans and to the Near East would be as much in behalf of Japan as for oil in the Mosul

By WILLIAM PARKER

mediately steamed *between* the German and the American naval units.

Subsequent history brought out that Kaiser Wilhelm was negotiating with Spain to buy the Philippines at the time the United States went to war. Germany already, at that period in 1898, had gained a foothold in Asia. A German



fields to keep the German war-machine going. Now that he has attacked Russia, how does the Far East situation size up?

Japanese and German aspirations to dominate the Far East should not be dismissed as fantasy. We almost had a war out there with Germany when we took on Spain in 1898. Brush up your memory on what happened just before Commodore Dewey opened fire on Spanish Admiral Montojo's fleet in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898. In the tense hours before that battle the commander of the German naval ships went aboard the British flagship. "What will be your action if Dewey attacks the Spanish fleet?" the German commander demanded of the British commander.

Within the white lines is Japan's "sphere of influence." The broken lines indicate the wall the United States has set up against her. At right, a view of Vladivostok Far East Soviet harbor

"That," replied the British commander, tersely, "is something known only to Commodore Dewey and myself."

When Dewey did open fire on the Spanish, the British naval vessels im-

colony had been established at Tsingtao, on the south side of the rich Shantung peninsula. One of the strangest sights I have seen in the entire Far East is, when the steamer approaches the Shantung coast, this once-German city looming up out of the mists and bearing all of the appearance of having been transplanted bodily from (Continued on page 52)





When David Cowles, left, goes after a criminal, conviction is usually assured

variously as a tired businessman, a salesman turned nudist, an erring preacher fleeing an outraged wife. Yet he sends men to the electric chair with a microscope—and loves his work. He is often called in by other midwestern cities when they hit a snag; and federal agencies, too, have the highest regard for him.

Inspector Cowles solves baffling crimes in real life, quite without the handy clues the detective story author always thrusts under his hero's nose. More than one trial has ended, after Cowles had presented his evidence and re-enacted the crime, because the discouraged criminals suddenly pleaded guilty. Cowles says,

MEMO TO MURDERERS:

KEEP AWAY FROM

DAVID COWLES of Cleveland is one of the country's leading crime smashers, an enthusiastic exponent of scientific detection through microscopy, ballistics, chemistry, metallurgy, physics, physiology, and psychology. Yet he never uses complicated methods when simple ones will do.

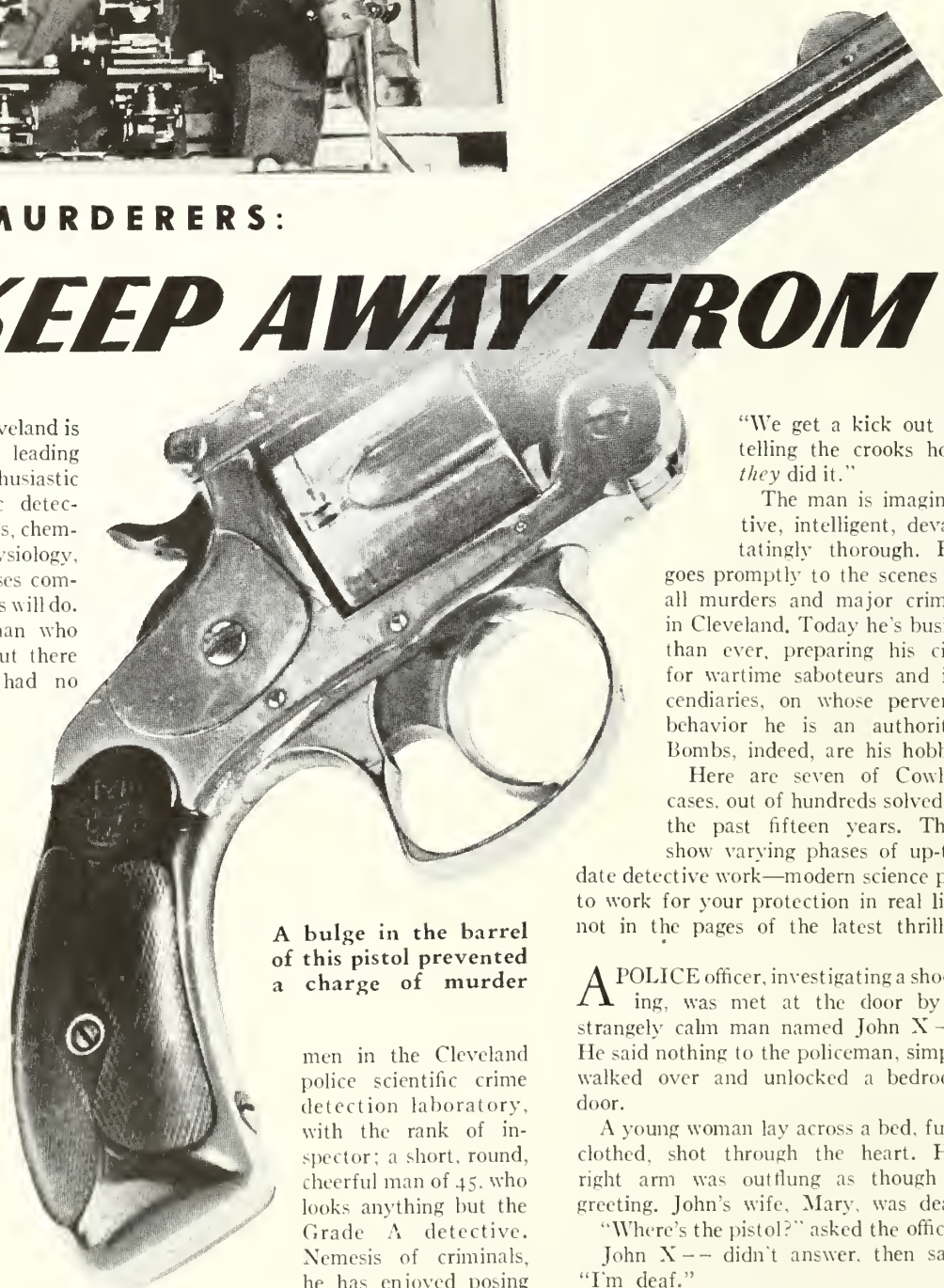
The police had arrested a man who had beaten his wife to death, but there were no witnesses and they had no confession. Cowles questioned the man, found out that he was of low intelligence, then told him:

"If you killed your wife the blood is still on your hands. You can't wash it off. If you are innocent we will prove you so."

Onto the man's upturned palm he poured a simple alkali solution. Then he added an alkali indicator, which turned the solution the vivid red of human blood. The man confessed.

Condemn it, if you please, as a trick; but it brought into play Cowles' knowledge of chemistry—which was to have been a career—and his keen understanding of human nature.

David Cowles heads 24



A bulge in the barrel of this pistol prevented a charge of murder

men in the Cleveland police scientific crime detection laboratory, with the rank of inspector; a short, round, cheerful man of 45, who looks anything but the Grade A detective. Nemesis of criminals, he has enjoyed posing

"We get a kick out of telling the crooks how they did it."

The man is imaginative, intelligent, devastatingly thorough. He goes promptly to the scenes of all murders and major crimes in Cleveland. Today he's busier than ever, preparing his city for wartime saboteurs and incendiaries, on whose perverse behavior he is an authority. Bombs, indeed, are his hobby.

Here are seven of Cowles' cases, out of hundreds solved in the past fifteen years. They show varying phases of up-to-date detective work—modern science put to work for your protection in real life, not in the pages of the latest thriller.

A POLICE officer, investigating a shooting, was met at the door by a strangely calm man named John X—. He said nothing to the policeman, simply walked over and unlocked a bedroom door.

A young woman lay across a bed, fully clothed, shot through the heart. Her right arm was outflung as though in greeting. John's wife, Mary, was dead.

"Where's the pistol?" asked the officer. John X— didn't answer, then said, "I'm deaf."

"I said, where's the gun?"

"Didn't see any."

"Did you hear a shot?"

"No."

To the officer things looked mighty peculiar. All the windows were shut. No one had been seen to leave the house. Neighbors said the couple had quarreled bitterly.

When David Cowles arrived he carefully examined the bedroom. In it were a bed, a dresser, a small trunk against the wall. He found the missing pistol behind the trunk, ten feet from the body, with two shots fired from it.

How had it gotten there?

At the morgue, later, Cowles was amazed to find that the woman had but a single bullet wound, yet *two bullets* were recovered. Things looked even darker for the husband. People don't shoot themselves twice through the heart, and hide the pistol afterward.

Cowles examined the bullets under his microscope. Vastly different in shape, he nevertheless believed that both had been fired from the pistol found. He could not prove it from their rifling marks. One bullet had a blunted nose, as if it had struck a retarding object. Then he

By JO CHAMBERLIN

second bullet forced the first one out and they traveled on their deadly errand as one. The obstruction in the barrel also forced back the explosive gases that are released with every shot, marking the shell queerly and kicking the gun out of her hand to its place behind the trunk. Mary's dead arm, outflung as if in greeting, indicated this.

Other facts bore out this solution. Mary had been exhausted from overwork and despondent; her husband was out of a job. To her tortured mind there was only one escape.

The husband was cleared. It was suicide, not murder.

ONE Saturday night an office-building watchman felt a gun at his back. Unseen assailants bound his hands, blindfolded him, taped his mouth shut. Then

the gang blew the safes of wholesale jewelry firms in the building, securing a fine haul of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and gold.

When Cowles arrived the next morning he found a heavy nitroglycerin charge left in one safe, which had not been blown. Next, he and his associates searched for any substances carried into the building, or out of it, which might throw light on the crime. From the blown safes, samples were taken of shattered fire-insulation material and teakwood interiors. Also a good footprint was located on an adjoining rooftop where a window had been forced. A plaster cast was made of it—a fine shoeprint with a well-known trademark in the heel.

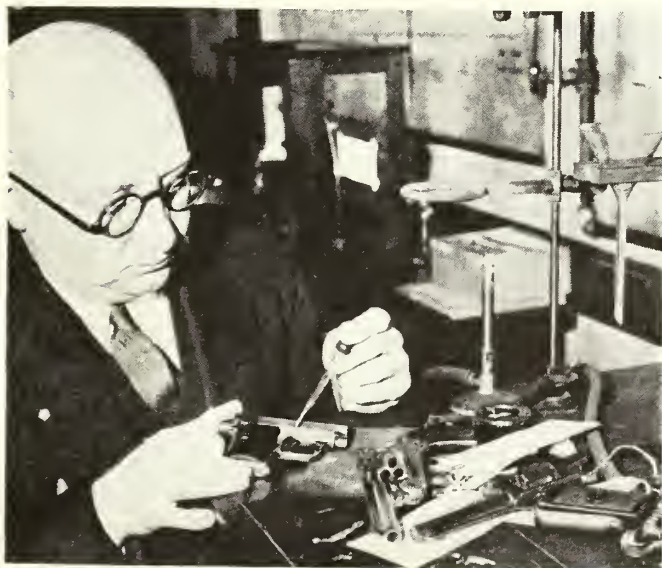
Cowles cites the case as showing that the science of crime detection often is helpless without good detective work. What good is a shoeprint without the burglar who made it?

Some weeks later a stool pigeon tipped off the police that a pair of men had been spending money freely in a West Side cafe. The police followed one, George Cianco, to his hotel and arrested him on suspicion. Cowles put his clothes under the microscope and found minute splinters of teakwood in his trouser cuffs. He also found dust that spectroscopic analysis proved to be of precisely the same chemical make-up as the blown safes' insulation material!

Through Cianco the police put the finger on his night-club pal, Phil Sheridan, safe-cracker. A shoe taken from him matched the footprint mould perfectly. Even if there were no eye-witnesses to put him in jail, a mute witness could.

A 14-YEAR-OLD girl reported that a man had seized her one night near
(Continued on page 48)

CLEVELAND



It's futile to file serial numbers from guns. Chemical treatment, left, discloses the numbers



Teeth marks on the stem of the pipe shown here led to life imprisonment. The bullets, above, with the revolver shown on the other page, proved a case of suicide instead of murder

examined the empty shells. Here again was a striking difference. The one fired last had swelled out abnormally, indicating exceptionally heavy concussion.

Trained in ballistics, Cowles put the two clues together and had an idea. He ran his finger along the gun barrel; there was an almost imperceptible swelling halfway to the muzzle. He then placed the nose of the blunted bullet against the heel of the other; they fitted perfectly.

The case was clear.

The first bullet, fired long before, had lodged in the pistol barrel—probably from an imperfect powder charge and rust in the barrel. When Mary pulled the trigger, the

THEY'RE ALL

"THE most paradoxical statement in the world can be made today with regard to aviation," declares a news account of preparations for the flight tests of the Army Air Corps super-bomber B-19. "It could be said with assurance that the age of aviation is about ready to begin."

This 82-ton aerial destroyer, requiring a crew of ten to fly it, may carry eighteen tons of bombs above its many defensive

cannon, machine guns and ammunition. With a speed of 200 miles an hour it has a range of more than 10,000 miles, sufficient to fly from Los Angeles to London and back to America non-stop, and with its super-charged, heated cabin its crew may travel in comfort six miles above earth. Continued the reporter:

"This plane—so big that no one can think of an appropriate name for it—is just an experimental flying guinea pig that gives aircraft designers ideas that some day soon they may know something about flying and some day soon they may start building themselves an airplane . . . It isn't too much, even, to say that the super-bomber is obsolete before it has left the ground. Lessons have been learned just in its building. Already the designers are talking about 100-ton bombers . . . and they're figuring how they can give it speed—the one attribute the super-bomber does not have."

Some readers no doubt have a picture



"They're all obsolete!" has been the cry of flyers of all the belligerent nations, meaning that every warplane in the air is inferior in cruising radius and fire power to its successor in the drafting room. But like a short right field in baseball, that circumstance makes it just as tough for one side as the other

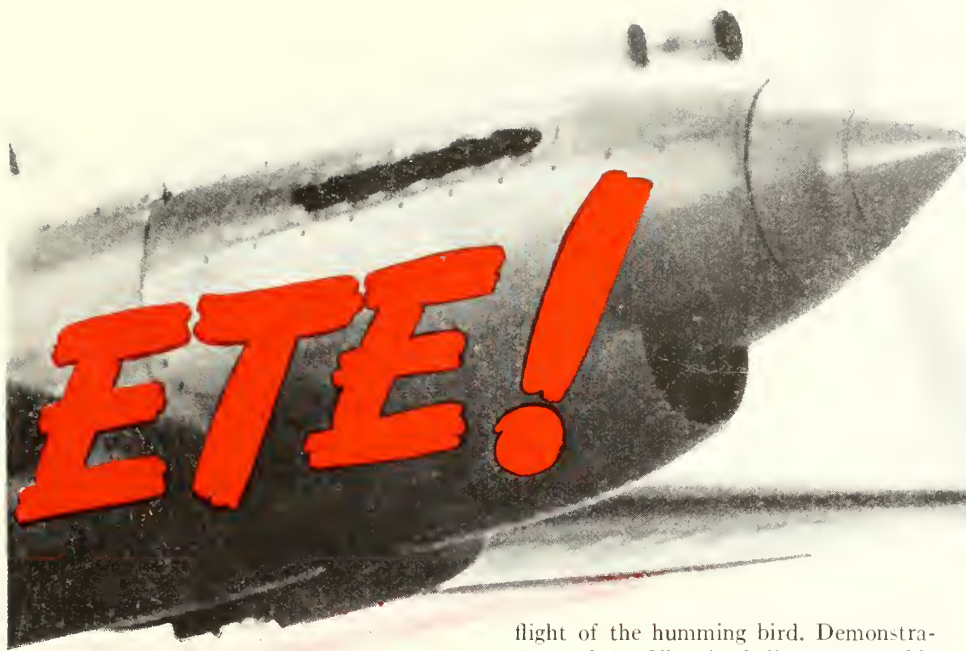
of a very young reporter with his typewriter flanked by a bottle of bargain rye and Buck Rogers comic strips as he wrote that report. Air historians know that he was writing the simple truth.

Of all the modern mechanical miracles to which we Legionnaires have been witness from their birth—the automo-

bile, motion pictures, silent and then with sound, radio, electric servants in our homes—the air miracle still remains a challenge to the imagination. Those of us granted the three score years and ten of Biblical allotment have twenty years remaining to observe the airplane approach maturity.



Testing aviators in pressure chamber for high altitude flying. At right, the outside of the chamber. At left, our B-19, already inferior to an Air Corps substitute now in the works



By SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

by missiles obviously destroys its compression features, forcing the use of oxygen masks, which, however, do not take care of the danger of sudden expansion of the body.

Interceptor planes of air defense forces must climb quickly to the altitude of oncoming bombers, yet their light weight precludes artificial pressure installations, a problem not yet solved.

With bodies expanding as the density of the air decreases in climb, or contracting as the density of the air increases in descent, such rapid changes subject the crew to the same hazards as those experienced by sandhogs, caisson disease, or "the bends," which often proves fatal.

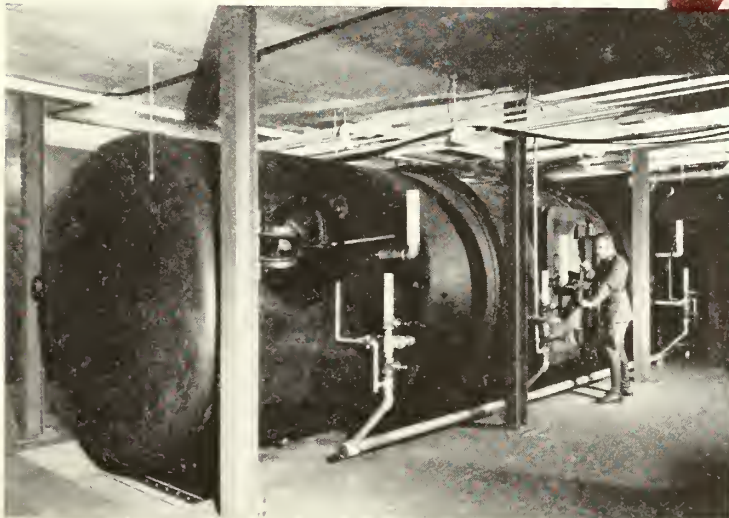
Already guinea pig pilots are undergoing treatments to minimize this hazard. At Wright Field in Ohio youngsters await on *alerte* from the warning net in decompression chambers, breathing

The reporter omitted to mention the greatest handicap to operation of this super-colossal aircraft. It is that airports generally have not yet been engineered to bear 82 tons' weight on runways.

As to its modest speed, when work started on the B-19 six years ago, 200 miles an hour was not regarded as "slow." Our best pursuit planes of a decade ago did not travel that fast. And even before the B-19 got into the air for its first flight a rival builder announced a 37-ton transport plane with a cruising speed of 280 miles an hour. Military adaptation having precedence

flight of the humming bird. Demonstrations of the Sikorsky helicopter, capable of vertical, stationary, backward, sideways, and straightaway horizontal flight at 150 miles an hour, presages new trends in human flight, commercial no less than military.

As airplanes tend to fly at ever greater heights above the earth, attending are new biological problems. Without artificial aids the human body cannot exist in the rarefied air above 20,000 feet



Ready to go aloft for flights in the sub-stratosphere

at the moment, it is announced that the Lockheed Constellation which will carry 100 soldiers completely equipped for the field, will do better than that. The B-19 was designed to carry 125 troops beyond its crew.

The year 1941 witnessed another elusive aeronautical goal reached, man's long quest to duplicate the hovering

altitude. In civil flying this problem is not critical due to supercharged cabins and the fact that commercial aircraft rarely fly above 25,000 feet. Time allowed to climb to and descend from such rarefied heights permits changes in the body to be made gradually. The military is another problem, however. Penetration of the super-charged cabin

pure oxygen to rid their systems of toxics, preparing their bodies for the sudden expansion they will undergo when the signal is given to race to their machines for almost vertical ascent into the sub-stratosphere. Such decompression chambers will be standard equipment for interceptor pilots, and perhaps fighter and bomber crews, too.

Flight surgeon researchers who have studied this problem for several years have pronounced that 40,000 feet is the limit of (Continued on page 50)

PAST COMMANDER Stanley Bogart was having dinner at the Grand Street Boys' Post clubhouse, New York City, says Adjutant Elmer Hirschhorn, when a visiting Legionnaire joined him at his table. After exchange of amenities, the stranger said: "There's something mighty familiar about you, but I just can't place you." The two men pondered over the places they might have met, all without striking a spark of memory. Then Bogart, having finished his dinner, arose and passed his hand over the front of his coat to remove any stray crumbs.

"Now I know you!" shouted the visitor as a great light of recognition broke over his face. "You're the chap that spilled soup over his vest at Albany!"

PRIVATE Fay B. Horse was returning to his post from an evening in the nearby town. He was challenged by the sentry: "Halt! Who's there?"

"Private Horse," replied the soldier. "Advance, Private Horse, to be mechanized," punned the guard.

CLAYTON JONES, Wayne County (New York) Adjutant, tells a story about a youngster who was being taken, somewhat unwillingly, for a stroll by a doting uncle and aunt. "Hello, Bobby!" called an acquaintance, "is that your father and mother?"

"Naw," was the sour retort, "that's my convoy."

JINKS: "I've just bought the little woman a machine of her own."

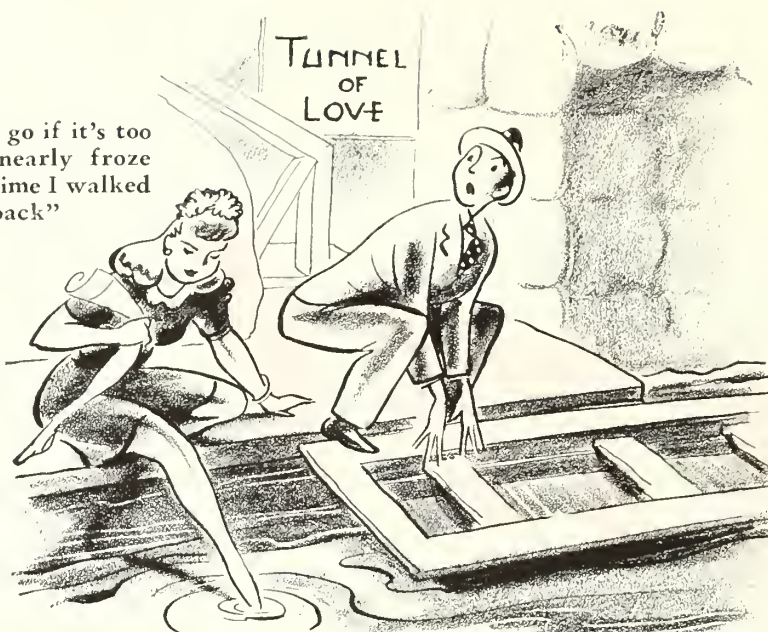
Blinks: "Packard, Buick or Ford?"

Jinks: "Neither. Maytag!"

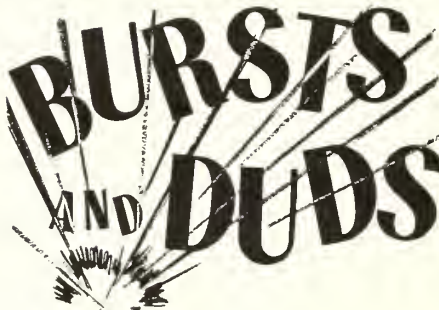
A VERACIOUS reporter writes that an Oklahoma highway patrolman stopped a speeder a few miles north of Duncan. As the copper walked up to the car, he facetiously remarked to the driver: "I guess you've got your pilot's license."

"Yes," was the response, and to prove the statement he produced the necessary papers and identity card as flier for an oil well service company.

"I won't go if it's too cold! I nearly froze the last time I walked back"



Genl Carr



"Well, I've heard of such things," said the patrolman, "but it never happened to me before. Go ahead! Fly on!"

THE parson, visiting the home of a parishioner, talked on and on about the evil and futility of swearing. "Why,"

he said, "every time I hear some one swear a cold chill runs down my back."

Johnny had been an interested listener; he could contain himself no longer. "If you'd been here when Dad slammed the door on his fingers," he ventured, "I guess you'd have frozen to death."

A FAVORITE yarn told by Hermann Wenige, Service Officer of Lawrence Capehart Post, Jeffersonville, Indiana, is about a chap of his acquaintance who could neither read nor write. A distant relative died, leaving him a small fortune—then he started out to make a splash. He opened a bank account and arranged with the cashier to honor his checks, which were signed with two crosses. All went hunky-dory until a check turned up signed with three crosses.

"What's this?" demanded the cashier. "You've put three crosses here."

"I know it," explained the depositor, "but my wife's got social ambitions. She says I must have a middle name."

THIS burst comes from Legionnaire Hosla M. Cooke, Fountain Inn, South Carolina. The bomb made a direct hit on the house, leaving it in ruins. One living man was trapped in what had been the basement. A bobby plunged into the ruins to make the rescue. Half an hour later he crawled out with his man. He was scorched and half-choked and was covered with mud, grease, plaster and bits of brick.

"My eye!" observed a fellow bobby, "you are a mess!"

"Yes," said the rescuer, making a quick survey of his uniform. "That's the worst of navy blue—it shows every little stain!"

"WANT any help, chum?" shouted a passerby to a driver who was trying to get a pair of mules through a gate.

"No, I guess not," was the sad reply. "But I'd like to know how Noah got two of these blinkin' blighters into the Ark!"



"Imagine me thinking I was just a monkey!"

HOW AMERICA STANDS

EDITORIAL

THESE lines are written on the last day of June, a scant eight days after the Nazi hordes swung into action against the Russian Reds, with whom in August, 1939 they signed a "treaty of friendship" that led to the invasion of Poland, the start of the Second World War. As this new phase of the 1941 Napoleon's campaign for world domination got under way it became necessary for the rest of the world to re-orient itself and determine how best it might profit from the neck-or-nothing thrust of the Brown Shirts. As you read these lines several weeks after they were written the decision may have been won by Hitler, for he knew the dangers of a long-drawn-out expedition into Russia. Yet the First World War furnished plenty of proof that even the German Great General Staff can go wrong.

In the temporary easing of the pressure against the British Isles and North Africa and the slowing down of the attack on the Atlantic shipping lanes there came an opportunity for the British to repay with interest the bombing the Nazis inflicted on them in the months beginning with September, 1940. The dispatch of munitions and foodstuffs from the Western World to beleaguered Britain was of course speeded up, and the American Navy, one may feel certain, did yeoman service in foiling the efforts of the U-Boats and planes sent out against the bridge of supply ships.

The United States has unequivocally declared its determination that Hitler shall not win this war. We are not active belligerents, and there is a good chance that we shall remain in what might be called a twilight zone of active interest and help for the democracies without being drawn into the actual fighting. With the concurrence of Congress and an overwhelming majority of the American people the principle of all-out aid to those fighting against dictatorships has been enunciated by the President, who has established by proclamation, under the provisions of international law, the areas in which our ships may operate.

The American Legion, believing whole-heartedly in the principle established by the Constitution that the conduct of foreign affairs belongs to the President, by and with the consent of the Congress, supports the policy that has been established. We insist that merchant vessels under the American flag sailing in waters declared by the United States Government to be open to its shipping, be accorded every protection, and that if the giving of that protection involves

"shooting war" our Navy will go in there shooting. Our Government has given solemn warning to Germany that we shall not tolerate another *Robin Moor* incident, and Herr Hitler knows that we mean business. There is no question in the Fuehrer's mind that our Navy is ready at any time to take effective action, and the sudden turn to the east of the German military might is an acknowledgment of the fact that if the war goes into 1942 the steadily increasing stream of supplies from the American Arsenal of Democracy will guarantee a Nazi defeat.

Hitler remembers us in the First World War. When the United States declared war against Germany twenty-four years ago it was not prepared for military action. Not until seventeen months later was it able to put into the field an Army of its own. That group of American Divisions whipped the Kaiser's best troops in the St. Mihiel Drive and some two weeks later our Meuse-Argonne Offensive sealed the fate of the Central Powers.

How does that timetable compare with today's? At the end of July the Office of Production Management, responsible for the effectiveness of our industrial speed-up, will have been functioning for fourteen months. The Regulars and the National Guard, with more than a year's stiff training under their belts, are the nucleus of our Army of a million and a half which is getting, in steadily increasing amount, the weapons it would need if we found it necessary to fight. Our airplane output is being stepped up daily, and in every phase of the national effort, it is not too much to say, we stand as you read these lines where we stood in August, 1918, except that we have not been called upon to sacrifice our manpower. The "blood, sweat and tears" which Winston Churchill told the British people were ahead of them are still being expended, but the gallant British, Free French and Chinese have taken courage in the recent turn of events, for the tangling of the great enemies of mankind, the Nazis and the Soviets, was the greatest break for civilization since the start of hostilities in 1939.

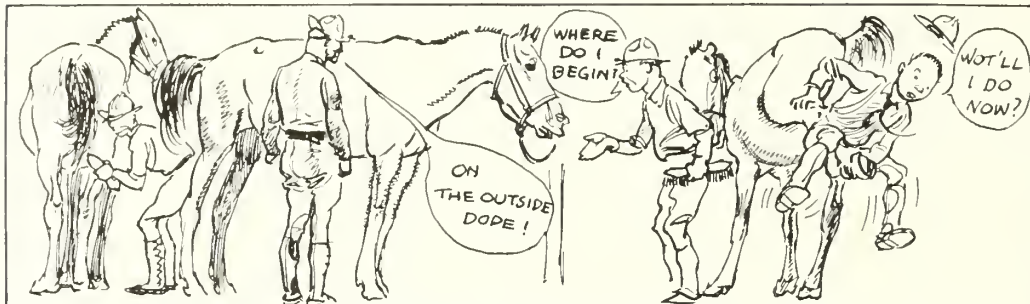
We Americans have utter (and equal) hatred for both the Nazis and the Soviets. We shall not abate our determination to draw the fangs from those within our borders who aid and abet the cause of nazism, communism and fascism. As the late Theodore Roosevelt counseled a quarter century ago, we "fear God and take our own part." What American can doubt that whatever happens in the coming months we shall be worthy of our great heritage?



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might, to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



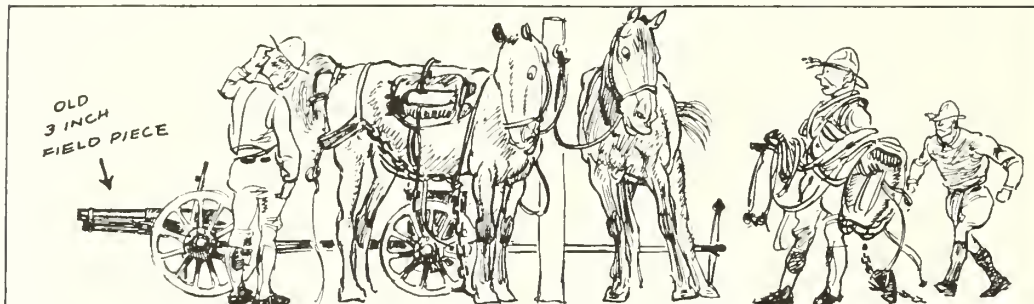
THEY'RE STILL ROLLING



"STABLES" WAS AN EXPERIENCE FOR THE 1917 RECRUIT



FATIGUE DRESS IS NOT MUCH CHANGED



TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, LEAD, SWING AND WHEEL HARNESS LOOKED LIKE SPAGHETTI TO THE NEW RED LEGS.



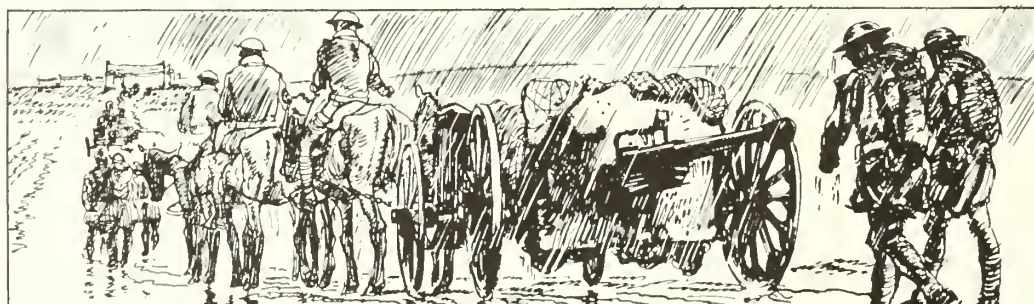
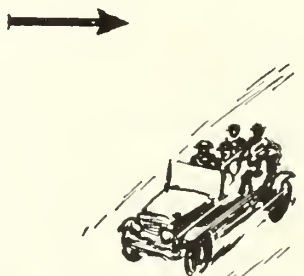
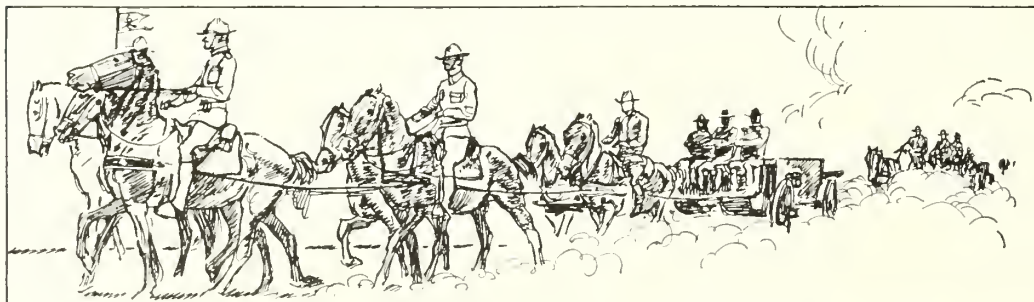
THE VETERINARIANS WORK ON CARBURETORS NOW



AND THE NOVICE WONDERED IF HORSES WERE CARNIVOROUS



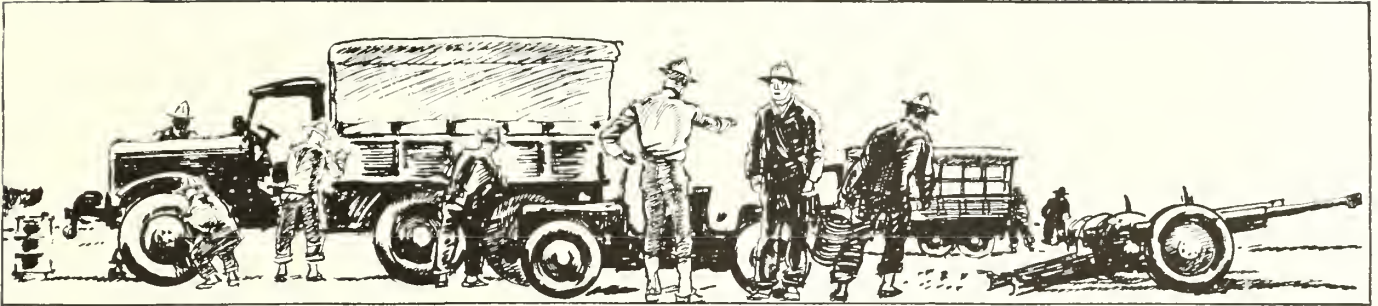
TODAY'S ARTILLERYMAN RIDES NO TRAILSPADE



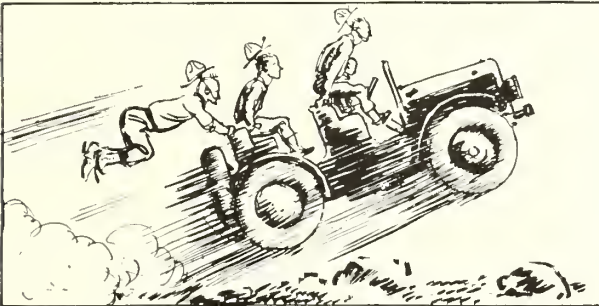
1918 - WAGON SOLDIERS RODE ONLY IN THEORY



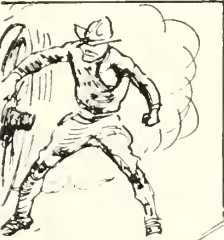
Impressions gathered at FORT BRAGG, N. C., by
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS, once of the 6th F.A.



"STABLES" TODAY'S MOTORIZED VERSION



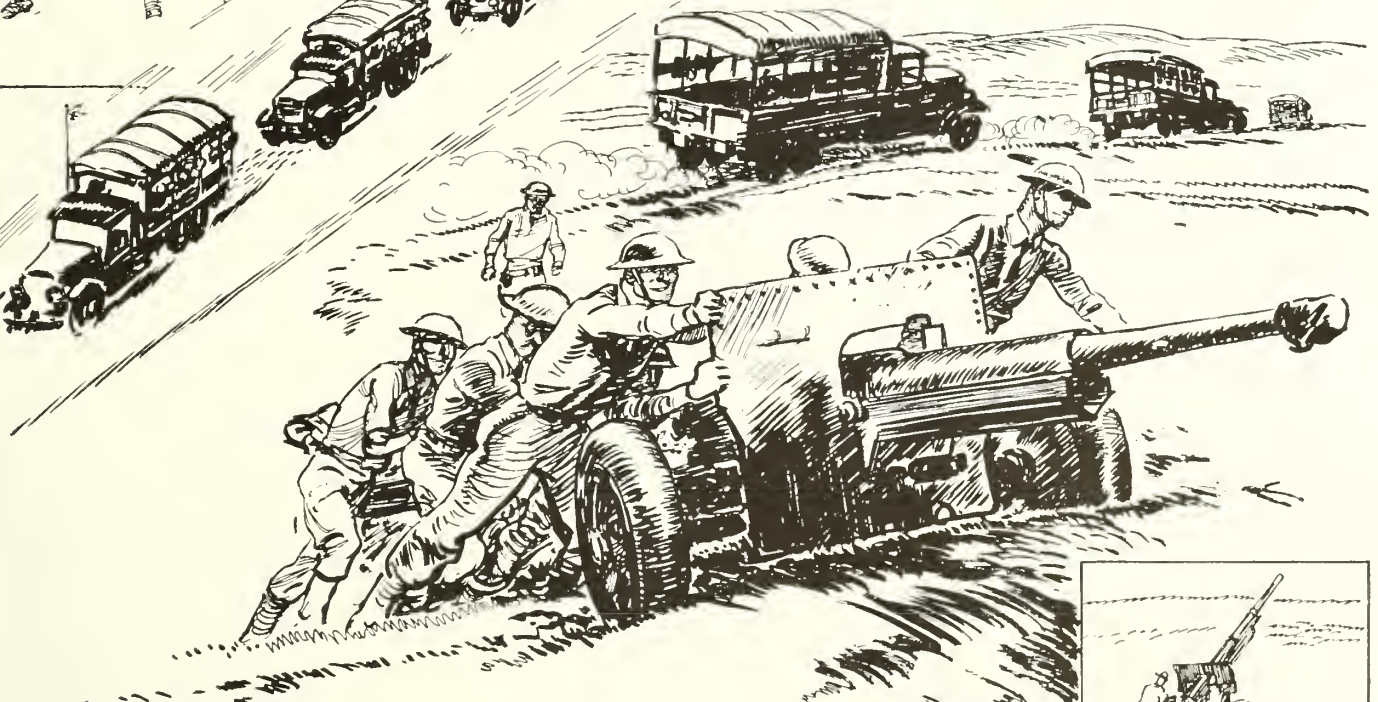
NO REMOUNT TROUBLES, BUT THE JEEP CAN
GIVE A BIT OF A LIFT ON RECONNAISSANCE



WHERE, OH WHERE
HAVE THE LITTLE
SPURS GONE?

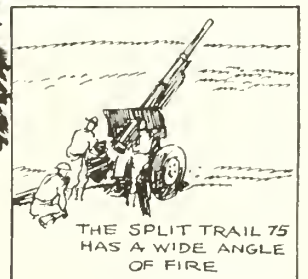
THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG
(40 M.P.H.)
1941

SUMMER
DRESS



MOTOR POWER MOVES
THE FIELD GUN - BUT
MAN POWER ROLLS IT
INTO FIRING POSITION

THE STOPS -
ONE OF THE
16 TH



THE SPLIT TRAIL 75
HAS A WIDE ANGLE
OF FIRE

A PLEA FOR GREATER USE OF COMPETITIVE SPORTS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY

PLAY, SOLDIER,

Play

NOW, after nearly a year of preparation and having passed through a certain amount of chaos, we have approximately one and a half million boys in close to one hundred and fifty army camps. These camps accommodate as many as 30,000 soldiers. In most cases they are in remote spots and usually the camp is much larger than its nearest town.

The Army lost no time in getting under way to provide amusement for the new soldier's leisure hours. Motion pictures, guest appearances by stars of the stage, screen and radio help out within the borders of the camps and stations, and the United Service Organizations and local Legion Posts furnish diversions for the boys when they get beyond the camp limits.

The question in my mind is, what is

being done by the Army for the boys during the leisure hours in camp? What can be done to keep them interested in camp so that they will not jump at every opportunity to get a pass for town?

Whatever is done should not make the soldier a spectator but put him into the show, make him a part of it.

In normal times, when soldiers are on post, athletic and morale officers are detailed to see that certain athletic activities are in motion for those wishing to enter them. You still have to go through the regular setting-up drills in the Army today, but when you take on other sporting activities it's entirely your own choice.

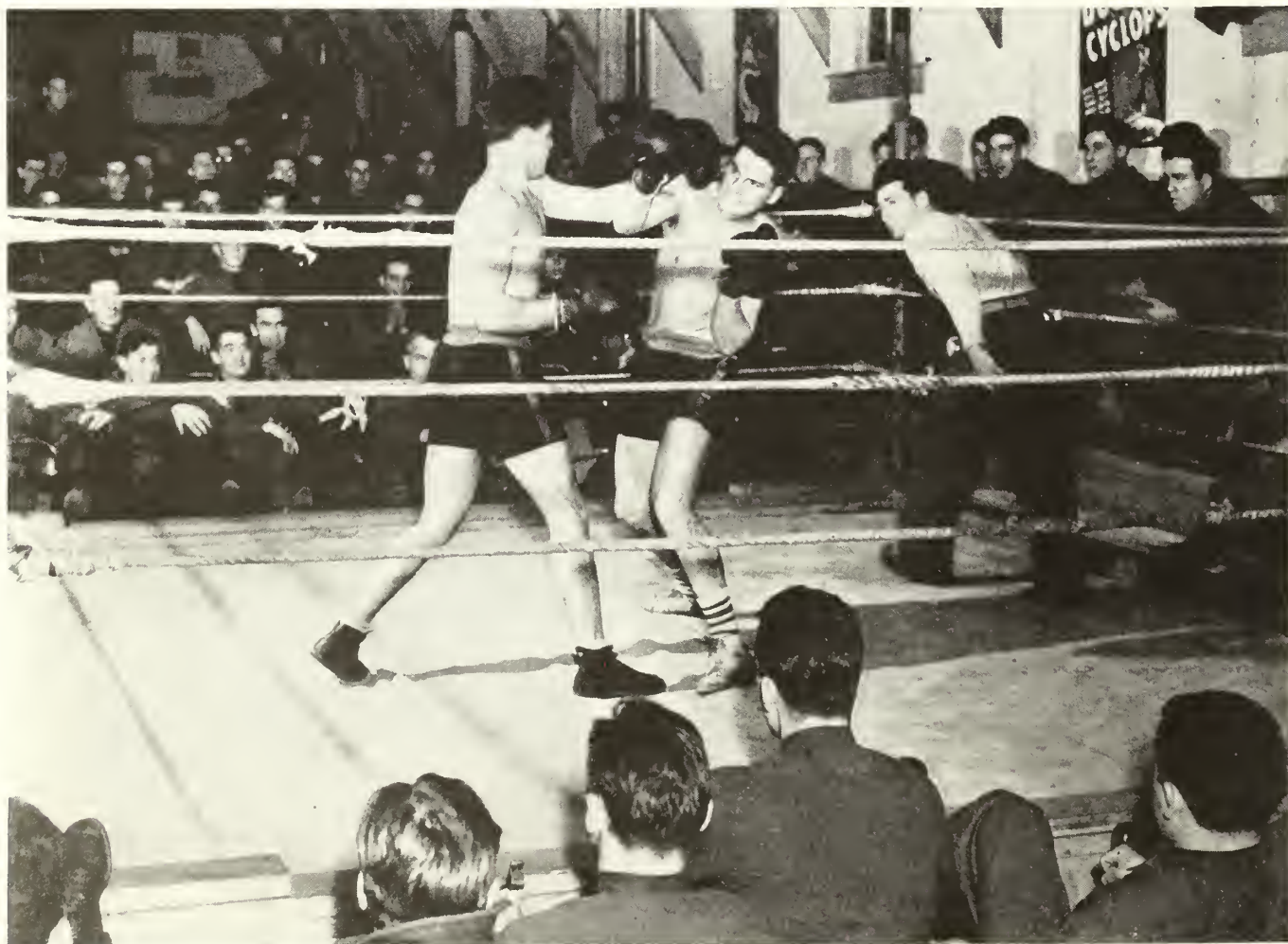
Detailing trained officers to this work now would be a waste of personnel, since they are needed badly for the military work at hand. Why not call into service

some of the highly trained athletic instructors we have available and who would welcome the chance to do their bit—men who have made athletic training their life work?

I have been listening for well over a year to a lot of "soft pedalers" about our utter unpreparedness. After sottening up an audience along these lines, they give you the old chestnut about the American youth being "soft" and not the physical match of the youth of other lands.

Never have I heard one of them say what we are going to do about it. Automobiles, motion pictures, too much money and lack of interest in physical exercise are a few of the reasons given

The new Army, like the old Army, likes to watch soldier boxers trade punches. Here are a couple of huskies who wouldn't know how to stall





Pretty soon they'll be repeating this scene of battle between service elevens. The more the merrier, and that goes for all competitive sports

for causing this softness in American youth.

Right after hearing all this blather, you can pick up a sports page and find an American high jumper leaping close to seven feet and a pole vaulter reaching a height of 15 feet 5¾ inches. When I was running back in 1916, a half mile in 1.53 was great. It wouldn't get you peanuts in a big meet today, yet the American youth is getting soft. Who says so?

I will admit that a cross section of our college youth would show rather poorly in trying to buck world records. This gap could and should be closed somewhat.

There is no better way of hardening a boy and making him like it than getting his interest and participation in some competitive sport. The training he is going to get in the Army won't leave many soft spots. A boy having one year of military training is sure to harden up plenty. However, much of this training will be as dull and uninteresting as the setting-up exercises and there will be little of the pleasure which comes in the tests of competitive sports.

There is no country in the world which can come anywhere near matching playground and sports equipment we have. Our schools and colleges have recognized the part athletics play in the rounded education which they want the student to carry out into the world. Despite this wealth of facilities, a good percentage of our students turn it aside and only through compulsory periods get any exercise at all.

I shall never forget an experiment worked out by Lawson Robertson, track coach at the University of Pennsylvania and Olympic Coach. It took place in 1922 and Robby was just curious to compare the physical accomplishments of the non-athlete with those of the athlete.

By TED MEREDITH

He took 300 boys, about 20 years old, from the intra-mural group, students having only a general interest in sports, and put them through a series of tests. He worked on the theory that every healthy boy has done some running, jumping and throwing, just for the sheer desire to do it. The tests were in the 100 and 440 yard runs, broad and high jumps and the shot put.

He kept a record of each boy's performance in each test. In the runs he placed them in small groups to furnish some competition. At the end of the series, an average was struck in each test. The marks were amazing and discouraging. An active 12-year-old boy could do as well and the records for our best girl athletes would put those of the average student to shame.

One interesting part of it was, Robertson's curiosity did not go for nothing. He got one fine athlete from the group who otherwise would have been missed.

George Hill, who had never gone in for athletics in high school, showed a fine talent for sprinting, a talent he had never suspected. Later training made him a double intercollegiate champion at 100 and 220 yards, and he became a member of the Olympic team which went to Paris in 1924.

From this experiment it is probably safe to say that a great percentage of the boys being trained right now in the Army would do comparatively poorly in track and field competition.

But, I earnestly believe that had that

group Robertson assembled carried on five days a week, the way an athlete in training is required to do, it would not have been long before those original figures would have shown a vast improvement. Those boys were not compelled to do more than an intra-mural program calls for, so they did not improve.

The Army wants physical strength as well as mental quickness. The brightest boy with an unfit body is no good to the service. We know athletics furnish both these. Why not use athletics as a good part of making our boys fit. The Army can say, "Each soldier must report for athletic work five days a week." Give the soldier a wide range of sports, so he can practice those he likes. Have it well supervised by experts and try to raise him above such a low level as Robertson found in the college group.

No better plan for each Army camp could be found than the one used at any of our big universities. Place a director of athletics at the top, give him his specialist instructors or coaches. Work out a plan of intra-camp and inter-camp competition. The boys would go for it.

There will be plenty of athletics in the camps without any system. Just as in 1917, it will crop out because there are many athletic-minded boys and some great athletes in the service. Those who want to play will have their chance but my point is that those soldiers who are most in need of such training will side-step the issue entirely.

We had many by-products of athletic training in 1917-1919. Gene Tunney and Charley Paddock are two that can be mentioned. Tunney in the Marines fought his way to the light heavyweight title of the A. E. F. and later became world's champion heavyweight. Paddock went from the winning of the A. E. F.

(Continued on page 47)

The great Allis-Chalmers plant at Milwaukee, a most vital sector of the Arsenal of Democracy that is America

Night and Day Wisconsin's Factories Hum Turning Out

TOOLS FOR VICTORY

NOT the rhythms of marching feet but the endless rhythms of marching industry will greet Legionnaires when they gather in Milwaukee for the National Convention September 15th to 18th. Milwaukee sees few men in uniform, beyond recruiting officers and new army men home on a few days' leave, for the city has no military post or naval station. Its army is a workman's army, a legion of defense that is busy day and night turning out the tools, the machines, and an unending flow of materials for the nation's expanding armed forces.

In many ways, Milwaukee, and Wisconsin as well, is typical of the genius of America. In previous issues of this magazine you have had the 1941 Convention State presented to you as a mammoth dairy farm and as a widely popular vacationland. You have had Wisconsin pictured to you as a land of fine farms and rich scenic beauty. Yet this land that produces fabulous quantities of milk and butter and cheese, this land that welcomes the nation to relax and play in its regions of woods and waters, is at the same time one of the country's great arsenals of democracy. The clock around, day after day, Wisconsin is

pouring forth the means to make America strong.

In Milwaukee's "valley" along the banks of the Menominee and Kinnickinnic Rivers, in suburban industrial communities, in mills and factories and shops and shipyards up and down the State, smoke plumes from every stack by day, bright lights glitter all through the night. Once again Wisconsin is forging a sword for the hand of freedom.

In the days when Wisconsin was young—when it was, in fact, a vast untracked wilderness without a name—the French explorer Nicolas Perrot and other early French travelers found lead ore in what is now southwestern Wisconsin. Perrot was one of the first to make a digging. Watching him, the Indians got the idea, and soon they too were picking away at the earth for "mineral."

In those days when bullets cost real money and were none too easy to get, lead had almost as much magic in its name as gold was to have in the middle 1800's. Quickly the news of the lead deposits found its way back East, and soon after 1800 the miner-settlers began to arrive. Quickly the rolling hills were pocked with diggings. From the Apple River valley on the present Illinois state line northward to the headwaters of the Pecatonica, men were busy trench-

ing and gashing the virgin land for mineral. Sometimes they called it galena (they gave the name Galena to a nearby village in Illinois.) But it was all the same, lead ore, blue-gray, heavy, and worth more dollars in a few months than could be scratched from a pioneer farm in years.

In 1829 the miners took out twelve million pounds of lead ore. Curiously, it was these early miners, many of them Englishmen from Cornwall, who gave Wisconsin its nickname as the Badger State. First comers, while they were building their cottages, lived in shallow caves in the hills, like badgers. Someone called them badgers, and the name has stuck to Wisconsin citizens ever since.

If we discount the fur business, it might be said that Wisconsin's first industry was lead-mining and bullet-making. And like all industries, it did things to the region. It built roads—stout roads that could stand the heavy wagons hauling lead ore to Galena and to Milwaukee. It built villages that grew into towns—some with revealing names like New Diggings and Mineral Point. It built one town that no longer exists, Helena, on the bank of the Wisconsin River, yet by the strange twist of fate this has become a popular state park (Tower Hill, near Spring Green), where Wisconsin's oldest defense industry is best remembered.

23d NATIONAL CONVENTION, THE AMERICAN LEGION, MILWAUKEE SEPT. 15th - 18th

A Great Lakes steamer slides down the ways at Milwaukee. Below, some of the machine tools that insure a steady flow of munitions for defense

By HAROLD S. FALK

keep the nation strong, free, and independent.

Industry in Milwaukee and Wisconsin is primarily an industry of putting things together, an industry of fabrication. It is here that the steel, the wool, the leather and other basic materials are transformed into

things that men use in battleships, in the field, in the camp, and in the air. One day's orders from the Army and Navy to Wisconsin industrial firms will illustrate:

Herringbone twill jackets
Gauges
Leather
Steel dressers
Anti-aircraft gun mounts
Tea kettles and serving trays

Close to 300,000 industrial workers—an all-time high in Wisconsin industrial employment—are in large measure responsible for figures such as these appearing regularly in the State's press: Naval manufactures shipped from Wisconsin in May, 6,474,447 lbs., worth \$2,130,600.

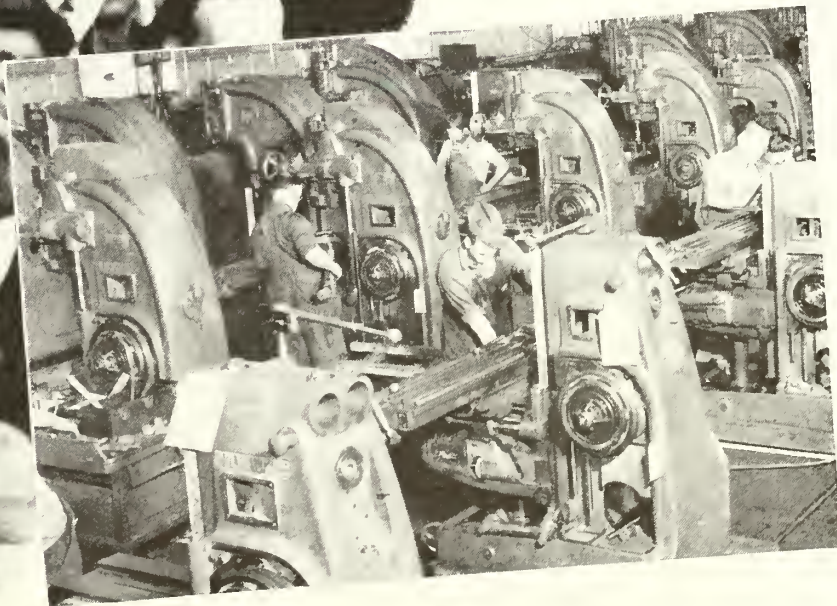
In Milwaukee and the heavily industrialized southeastern corner of Wisconsin the factories are busy turning out the sinews of the Army's mechanized forces, the gun-mounts, the guns themselves, the trucks, the motors, and the thousands of "parts" that go into machines, ships and planes. Other factories work steadily on leather goods and clothing, pots and pans, and many other manufactures needed to keep a growing Army and Navy housed, clothed, fed, and equipped.

But defense-busy Wisconsin is not exclusively in the Milwaukee area. And often it is far-removed from the scene of smoking chimneys and all-night lights. Take the wool farmers, for instance, with their contribution of three million pounds of wool, important enough to help meet the tremendous new demand for wool clothing for the armed forces. This fall Wisconsin's hemp farmers will harvest their ten-foot stands of this tough Asiatic herb to help provide cordage for our growing fleet. And soon new-canned food by the ton—peas, corn, beans, cranberries, and other crops—will be flowing from Wisconsin—*(Continued on page 48)*

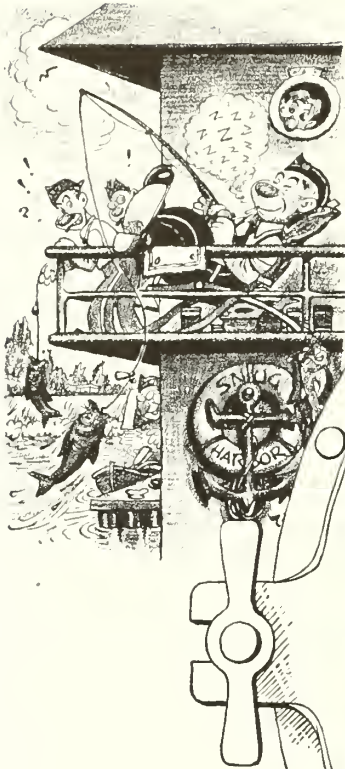
Helena was built around a lead smelter and a shot tower. The smelter is gone, but the tower remains, a vertical shaft drilled by hand through 200 feet of solid rock. Into this shaft molten lead was poured. As the lead dropped it formed into perfect spheres, and when it struck cold well water at the bottom of the shaft it became lead bullets.

American inventiveness, the same breed that produced the airplane, the machine gun, the armored vessel, was at work even then.

Today, almost a century later, Wisconsin is again devoting its inventiveness, its energy, and the great industrial plant it has built in the intervening years to produce materials necessary to



Davenport (Iowa) Post's "Snug Harbor" down by the old Mississipp' has everything it takes to make a real snug harbor. Best fishing for miles around right at the back door



Below, a part of the taproom, showing three of the original oil paintings of famous ships—"Old Ironsides" in the center

They call it Snug Harbor



THE mighty Father of Waters has played, and still plays, a very important part in the history and life of Davenport, Iowa. It is an old town, as antiquity is measured in the

upper Mississippi country, with a river history running back to the French voyageurs of the late seventeenth century and their immediate successors, the flatboatmen, who were men of might.

Davenport has grown into a busy industrial center and, though not dependent upon, it still clings to, its river and its oldtime river traditions. Not the least of its present day pride is Davenport Post, The American Legion, and the unusual Post home which these inland sailors and soldiers call "Snug Harbor," down on the levee. In the course of his travels into every Department and almost every section of every Department, the Step-keeper has been privileged to visit Posts and club houses of every kind and character. The combination of the unusual location of the home and the brand of good old-fashioned midwestern hospitality dispensed there so intrigued the editorial we that Hollis Bush, Past Commander, Legion wheelhorse, and editor of the Post's *Soldier and Citizen*, was asked to tell the readers of this section

all about it. The resultant yarn is a sort of long distance interview carried on by means of Uncle Sam's mail.

Just prior to the World War the Davenport city fathers, envisioning a continuance of heavy river traffic, erected a municipal wharf building on the levee. It was an ambitious plan, but somehow it did not pan out and in 1933 the building was standing idle. One wintry night in that year Pete Petersen, Spanish War veteran, World War balloonist and then Commander of the Second Iowa Legion District, had an idea. He was enjoying a post-Legion-meeting hamburger and cup o' cawfee with Post Commander Curtis Bush and Scott County Commander Hollis Bush when it came over him and, though it was one o'clock in the morning, he dragged his two companions

to putting it to a useful and gainful purpose. Pete's idea was to create a Legion and community center on the levee with the wharf building as its center.

The idea struck fire and, with the assistance of the first Post Commander, Harry F. Evans, and the coöperation of the RFC and the Davenport Levee Commission the Post took over the building on a long-term lease. Reconstruction and remodeling was rushed through and, on the evening of April 6, 1934, with the aid of National Commander Ed Hayes, the Stepkeeper, and some twelve hundred other Legionnaires and friends, "Snug Harbor" opened its doors with a gala celebration. Easily accessible yet quietly remote from the rush and noise of traffic, "Snug Harbor" is less than two blocks removed from the heart of the city and, sitting in the center of the city-owned paved levee, there is room to park one thousand cars right alongside the building. The south wall stoutly fends off the deep waters of the Mississippi itself.

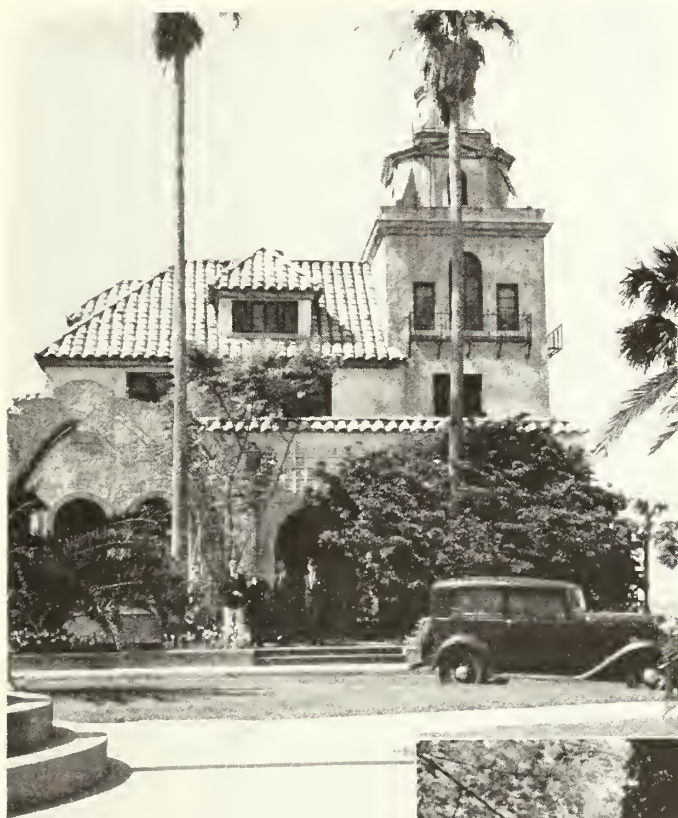
The building has been converted into a true Snug Harbor and haven of rest. Much honest toil and many dollars have gone into it to make the place a city pride—and there's another story. Several thousand dollars, Editor Bush says, was contributed to the post building fund by members from their adjusted service certificates,

so that today the investment in improvements, remodeling and equipment closely approximates five hundred dollars for each member. The membership, let it be said, has passed the seven hundred and fifty mark, and that counts up to a tidy sum.

There is an auditorium, which accommodates over six hundred people, equipped with a public-address system, with complete movie installation plus sound apparatus. The tap room, trimmed throughout with knotty pine, is decorated with mirrors and seven indirectly-lighted oil paintings of famous ships—the *Constitution* and *Flying Cloud* among them. The nautical motif is carried out in the pilot-wheel lighting fixtures suspended on spliced ropes. There is also office space with complete records of each member on file, two secretaries on duty, and ample storage and stockroom facilities. A "guard room" up over the office, which is entered by a disappearing stairway, houses the uniforms and guns of the Post's Guard of Honor, a unit of fifty Legionnaires which appears at all formal functions, funerals, parades, installations—in fact at every public affair in which the Post participates.

A kitchen, the pride and joy of the membership, with a staff of five persons serves nearly one hundred Legionnaires each week day at minimum prices, and a neatly-arranged lounge and reading room is always available during club hours from nine in the morning until midnight. The building is heated by overhead forced-draft hot air fed from a steam boiler housed apart from the meeting room.

The rock garden! It's a honey; the coolest spot in the city of Davenport, says Reporter Bush. A vacant lot adjoining the building to the east was worked over to make a delightful beauty spot, which enjoys capacity crowds during the sum-



Sunshine and palm trees and tinkly temple bells—home of St. Johns Post at St. Augustine, Florida. At right, a flashback to colonial days—Daniel Goho Post, Dansville, New York

down to the levee and through main strength and awkwardness busted into the vacant building. A vigilant policeman found them and, led by Pete, they had to talk fast to convince the officer that they were honest, honorable and upright citizens and taxpayers and were inspecting a piece of public property, though in an informal, not to say illegal, manner, with a view





"How about a daughters' night?" Spokane (Washington) Post answered the question in a big way and when dad and daughters got together in the Post home it was a red letter event

mer months. There one can sit under the stars and, while sipping a glass of lemonade, watch the playful moonbeams chase each other over the ripples of the broad Mississippi; hear the rush of water as it comes down the spillway of the largest roller dam in America; gaze across the stream to the Illinois shore—just a little more than a mile away; scan the greatest of the Government arsenals—Rock Island—over a thousand acres on an island in mid-stream; watch the huge excursion steamers, or the line of trains crossing the bridge; the main-liners swooping into the airport, or the great tows passing through the locks. All this at your ease in the cool of the evening amid a cluster of flowers and vines, roofed only by the stars, at Snug Harbor.

The Steepkeeper is a fisherman of sorts,

but not in any way in a class with Jonah and Jack Cann of Detroit. It must be understood, then, that any fish stories that appear in these columns are not of his own making. Hollis Bush is solely responsible for this one: (eye-brow lifters, do your stuff!) "Did you ever fish from an easy chair? You can at Snug Harbor. Believe it or not, during the spring high water several Legionnaire disciples of Isaak Walton drew their easy chairs to the south fence of the rock garden and cast their lines into the Ole Mississippi. The record catch was listed as a twelve-pound wall-eyed pike, and plenty of perch, bass and channel catfish were hauled in." That is the Legion fish story for the spring season, 1941. Wally makes it a matter of history.

Davenport is at the crossroads and the

crossing of the Mississippi and, mindful of the thousands of Legionnaires who will be driving to Milwaukee to attend the Convention next September, the Post is preparing to play host to those who pass through their city. There will be the welcome one always finds out in the wide open spaces. The latchstring, says Reporter Bush, will hang outside, and within the building there will be a fraternal welcome, a bit of corn on the cob and other comforts that will cause the visitor to render thanks for a hearty appetite and be glad that he's an American.

Dads and Daughters

RINGING the changes on the usual set program of a "Father and Son" night, which is by no means confined to Legion groups, Spokane (Washington) Post put on a Dad and Daughter night with such splendid success that it wants to spread the program. It was a red letter event, says Post Publicity Officer E. W. Jorgenson, and is worth a trial by every other Post.

"When the Daughters' night was proposed it didn't seem to be such a hot idea. It was one of those things that happen once in a while, proposed by Legionnaire George Pymm at an after-meeting post-mortem when he heard Commander Jack Abrams bemoaning the fact that no program had been arranged for the coming social session. The plan was accepted at once. A little announcement was inserted in the *Inland Veteran*, the Post's weekly publication, and we let it go at that. Some of the boys might bring their daughters. Then again—would they? Ho, hum!

"But we didn't realize what was stirring in the homes of our membership when the wives and kids read the *Inland Veteran*. And we remained in blissful ig-

Victor Candlin Post of Greeley, Colorado, is the latest member of the hundred percent club; its Past Commanders are busy Legionnaires



norance of moving events until the hour of meeting, and then only awakened to the fact that we had company when we saw Sergeant-at-Arms Jim Mathews doing a double-quick to bring in chairs and more chairs. Those dads and daughters kept coming and coming. You should have seen them when the roll was called and Pop introduced the young lady at his side—sometimes three or four of them. The program, too, given by the

Thompson, H. Kidder, B. Miller and F. Klein. Standing, in same order, Ben Naffziger, Chet Peters, F. Clark, F. Neill, S. S. Trent, E. Varvel, A. Rhiner, H. Waldo, C. Apple, and G. Bucher.

Caribbean Island Post

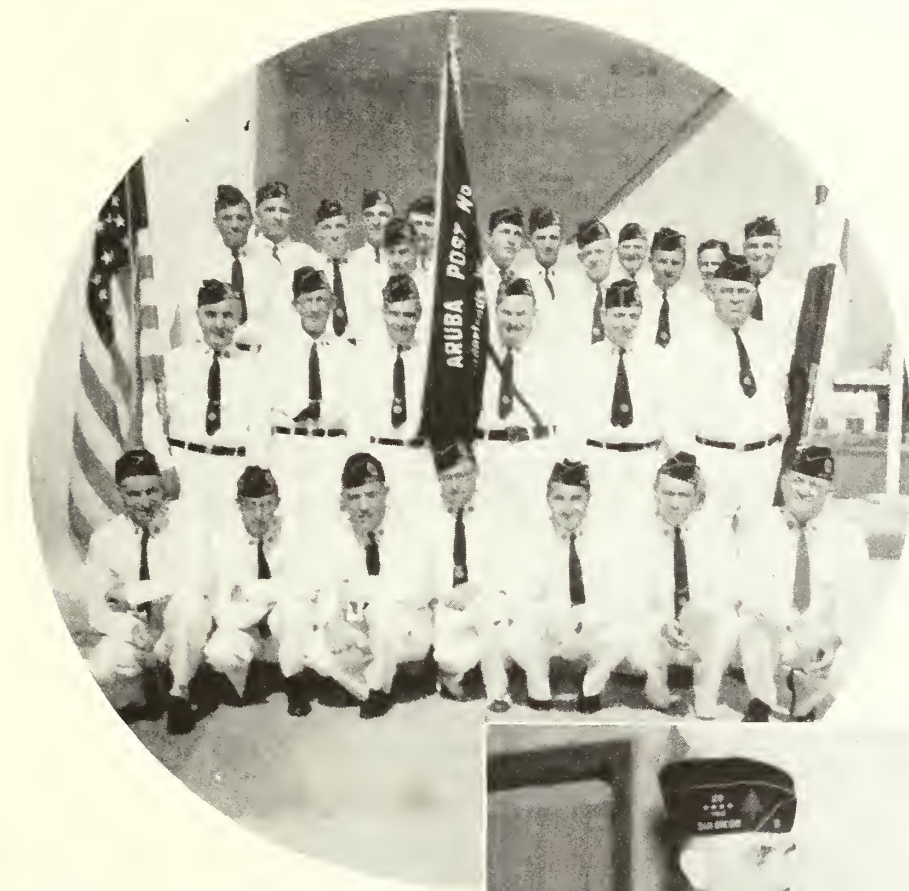
ONE of the active out-posts of the Legion is on Aruba, a small island in the Caribbean Sea belonging to the

take part in all civic affairs; plan and support much of the entertainment of the colony; sponsor a Boy Scout Troop and Cub Pack, and our recently-organized drum and bugle corps will soon be ready for public appearance.

"Our Post participates in all local celebrations, and on Queen Wilhelmina's birthday—August 31st—always turns out in full strength for the parade at Oranjestadt, the island capital. We have our own Legion Hut right on the edge of the blue water, and here we have one business and one social meeting each month. Red-letter days in the life of the Aruba Legion come when a U. S. Naval vessel pays the island a visit. It is our pleasure to entertain the members of the crew, and this we do with sight-seeing trips and a barbecue at the picnic grounds.

"Our fifty-one members represent thirty-two of the United States. A roll call of our officers indicates the wide spread of the home States of our membership: Commander, J. C. Raymond, Colorado; Senior Vice Commander, W. J. Raffoski, Massachusetts; Junior Vice Commander,

Aruba Esso Post in Netherlands West Indies is an active outpost of the Legion and growing steadily. Below, Commander Vest, of Datus E. Coon Post, G. A. R., turns charter over to Legion Past Commander P. A. Whitacre



daughters was something to remember.

Spokane Post got a big kick out of its Daughters' night—and George Pymm got a vote of thanks. Now I'm telling you about it because we think other Posts would like to know that there is something entirely new under the Legion sun . . . Daughters' Night."

Greeley Keeps Them

AS THE Legion grows older the number of Past Commanders in each Post increases in numbers—hence, more and more of the Posts are organizing Past Commander units to act as a sort of senate of elder statesmen. Here and there a four-star Post reports a hundred-percent, active membership of its skippers—Victor Candlin Post, Greeley, Colorado, which has always been a consistently active unit in a Number One Department, is one of the latest to report. The Post has kept them all in the home bailiwick, with one exception—and he's in the New England area.

In the picture, the Past Commanders are: Seated, left to right, F. Autrey, G. Adams, H. Widlund, R. Seaman, L.



Netherlands West Indies group, which is the home of a small colony of Americans, most of whom are employees of an oil refinery.

"Aruba Esso Post," says Samuel G. Evans, Post Publicity Chairman, "was organized in 1935 with twenty-one charter members. This number has grown steadily until now we have fifty-one members enrolled, or ninety percent of the eligible veterans within our area. While we lack some of the opportunities for service that Posts in the States have, our activities are many and varied. We

H. A. Lambertson, New York; Adjutant, F. S. Hayes, Maine; Finance Officer, R. O. Smith, Maine; Sergeant-at-Arms, B. F. Margolin, Nebraska; Chaplain, H. J. Mills, Wyoming; Service Officer, H. D. MacDonald, Michigan."

G. A. R.

A FEW weeks ago the Grand Encampment of the Department of West Virginia, Grand Army of the Republic, was held at Clarksburg. Once a proud army numbering (Continued on page 59)



At Vallejo, California, ex-gob James Gee and the Dustrup children inspect a Mark VI mine that had seen duty in the Northern Barrage during the war



then in April, 1917, when we declared war, announced unrestricted submarine warfare on merchant shipping, something drastic had to be done. American soldiers and supplies were three thousand miles from the battle front and those three thousand miles were the broad Atlantic.

Enemy submarines had to be destroyed or somehow bottled up at their bases in the North Sea. The allied powers had not been in a position to take quickly effective measures against the unrestrained submarine warfare. Although mines had been used to a limited extent, now came our Navy Department's suggestion of planting a solid mine barrier from Scotland to Norway and a lesser barrier across the English Channel, thus shutting off the North Sea and the en-

Avast there, Mates!!
How'm I doin'!!?



Safe Anchorage

there were no great sea battles after we had lined up with the Allies and while the Navy's principal boast was "We took 'em over and we brought 'em back," there was one section of our Navy that accomplished a prodigious job—something never attempted before—and on the strength of that hazardous and successful endeavor, the Navy can claim its full share for the success of the A. E. F. When Germany in December, 1916, adopted the policy of sinking merchant ships without warning, and

Below, carefully cased in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., is another example of a Mark VI mine



WHO won the war? Yes, the department knows most of the wisecracking answers to that question current during that particular war of ours, but many contributing factors helped our nation put over the final winning punch that brought the Armistice. So it is safe to say that every branch of the service did its part—some of a more striking nature than others.

Take the Navy, for instance. While

Eglise de Sourdon (Somme)



emy submarine bases within that area. On May 13, 1917, the following reply to this proposal came from the British Admiralty:

"From all experience Admiralty considers project of attempting to close exit to North Sea . . . by method suggested to be quite unpracticable. Project has previously been considered and abandoned. The difficulty will be appreciated when total distance, depths, material, and patrols required and distance from base of operations are considered." Add to that discouraging statement the conclusion of a report from our Admiral Sims, dated May 14, 1917: "Bitter and extensive experience has forced the abandonment of any serious attempt at blockading such passages."

Was our Navy Bureau of Ordnance discouraged or diverted from its plan of a North Sea mine barrage? No. It took months of study, it took months of preparation, it meant the finding and manufacturing of a mine superior to those that had been used by the Allies—but the Northern Barrage eventually was established, the German subs were bottled up, shipping losses abated, and not a single American troop transport was torpedoed en route to the A. E. F.

Now we learn that one of those deadly mines—known as Mark VI Magnetic Mine—has found safe anchorage on the steps of the Veterans Memorial Hall in Vallejo, California, and we're pleased to show a picture of it flanked by two chubby youngsters and the ex-gob who sent us the picture. That ex-gob is Legionnaire James (Jimmie) Gee of 1626 Illinois Street, Vallejo, veteran of the crew of the U. S. S. *Canandaigua* and present Organizer of the Pacific Coast Chapter of the North Sea Mine

Force Association, Inc. Here is part of the interesting report that Jimmie sent to us:

"Our Pacific Coast Chapter of the North Sea Mine Force Association is really going places out here, and Then and Now announcements have helped a lot in building up our membership.

"As one activity of our Chapter, we 'planted' on the steps of the Veterans Memorial Hall in Vallejo on March 13th last, a Mark VI Magnetic Mine such as the ones used in the barrage in the North Sea during our war. The mine, formally dedicated on Memorial Day, is attracting much attention due to the fact that it is the only mine on public display here on the West Coast, and one of only three shown anywhere in the country—one being on the famous Boston Common in Boston, Massachusetts, and the other in the Smithsonian Institution in the Capital, Washington, D. C.



The village church at Sourdon, France, is shown at top, before the World War; above, during the war, and, below, the new church erected on the same site after the war

"The Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy Department was very kind in arranging for us to obtain this unique war trophy and our thanks and appreciation go out to Senator Hiram Johnson, Congressman Frank Buck, Admiral Furlong, Captain Carleton Wright, Captain Nelson Goss, Commander Harry Orr, U. S. N., retired, and Lieutenant N. J. Drustrup, U. S. N.

"In the picture which the Vallejo *Times-Herald* kindly loaned, I was lucky in having with me the two at-

tractive youngsters, as they are really a part of the Mine Force through their Grandad, Lieutenant Neils Drustrup, retired, who commanded the U. S. S. *Grebe* during mine-sweeping operations in the North Sea and is a holder of the Navy Cross. The youngsters, John Michael and Johanna, live with their parents, Lieutenant and Mrs. N. J. Drustrup, at the Mare Island Navy Yard, where the lieutenant is in active service."

As collaborator with Jimmie Gee in getting a story of the Mine Force operations, we called upon Legionnaire J. Frank Burke, one of the organizers and present Secretary of the North Sea Mine Force Association, Inc. Frank, veteran of the crews of the U. S. S. *Blackhawk* and U. S. S. *Thomas Graham*, hails from the opposite coast of the country—his home being at 3 Bangor Road, West Roxbury, Massachusetts. His story of the planting of the Northern Barrage and the subsequent mine-sweeping operations is fascinating, and we're sorry that space permits us to publish only extracts from Frank's account:

"The young man sitting at his desk in a room with 'Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy,' on the doorplate, was worried. It was late summer of 1917. He had returned from an inspection trip to the British Isles—a very gloomy trip. America's help was promised to the Allies, two million American soldiers were to be mobilized and rushed overseas on a fixed schedule, millions of tons of equipment and supplies to go with them. Would the ships get through? The U-boats were sinking vessels faster than they could be replaced. The subs must be eliminated—but how? Those were gray days in Washington, in London, in Paris.





Fatigue duty? The donkey looks more fatigued than the buck private working out his punishment at Fort McHenry, Maryland, in 1918. Who is the soldier?

"The Secretary picked up a paper from the 'In' basket—some sort of plans with explanatory text, titled 'A Submarine Gun, by Ralph E. Browne of Salem, Massachusetts.' Only another invention to check through and mark 'File.' Something made him glance back through it—an item about using the property of sea-water between a copper plate and iron or steel which would create an electrical current. It was claimed to be strong enough, in conjunction with a secret device, to detonate a gun under water. A long copper wire, called the 'antenna,' running to a float gave a wide radius.

"He recalled a conversation at the British Admiralty, a chart on the table, one of the sea lords tracing a little gap between the Orkney Islands and Norway, and saying, 'We patrol here constantly, but it's where the subs come out.'

"Roosevelt looked it over and remarked, 'Why don't you put a bar across—a mine field?'—and the weary reply, 'Mine fields don't come that size—that little space is 230 miles!' Then his question, 'How many mines would it take?' and the answer, 'Over 600,000 to cover all levels. With the explosives needed for the army and for other naval uses, and no precedent for an operation of such magnitude—that's out!'

"Was this new antenna of Ralph E. Browne's, which would increase the useful radius of a mine ten times over, the answer? Roosevelt took the paper down

the hall to the office of Rear Admiral Ralph Earle, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. Admiral Earle faced a staggering problem, a precious reputation to be immediately risked on a piece of paper. No time for models, tests, or corrections. Perhaps fifty million dollars expenditure, thousands of lives and badly-needed ships to be gambled on, but the situation was desperate. They checked it



over and over . . . 'This is it! This must be it!' A prayer, a hope, a resolve. The first magnetic mine was born.

"Orders were shrewdly placed amid great secrecy in hundreds of factories and machine shops throughout the country, each for some strange part. These were siphoned into Norfolk, Virginia—enough material for 100,000 mines, 300 pounds of TNT to be cast into each mine as assembled. Twenty-four Great Lakes boats were brought through the St. Lawrence and down the Atlantic Seaboard to receive the world's most dangerous cargoes. Ten other vessels, mostly coastwise in their previous operations, were brought into Boston and Brooklyn Navy Yards. The sterns of the latter

were ripped open, doors fitted over the holes, tracks were laid through the decks and elevators installed. These were to be the mine-layers.

"Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss (now admiral, retired) was selected as 'Commander Mine Force, U. S. Atlantic Fleet.' A special training station was opened at Norfolk where volunteers for the special service of mine-laying were given quick courses by experts. By May, 1918, everything had been whipped into shape—Britain's reluctant approval of the plan had been obtained—and the ships loaded with potential death got under way. Bases had been established at Inverness and Invergordon, Scotland, and Captain R. R. Belknap (now rear admiral, retired) had been assigned command of Mine Squadron One.

"On June 6, 1918, the first excursion, as the trips were called, set out. The British had also assembled a mine-laying force and assisted in a designated area of the field. They used lighter vessels and an old-type mine. One excursion followed another until our American force had placed 56,571 mines in thirteen trips. The British in eleven excursions had laid 13,546 additional. On October 26, 1918, with 70,117 mines planted, the lock had been placed on the enemy submarine's door. Naval Intelligence reported that sixteen submarines had vanished. U-boat officers and crews were refusing sailing orders. Then just as Admiral Strauss was preparing to sail for the Dardanelles to duplicate the mine-laying operations the Armistice canceled his orders—and the mine-layers sailed for home.

"With the end of hostilities, the now-completed mine field became an international problem. How could it be removed? And the crews of Admiral Strauss' flagship, the U.S.S. *Blackhawk*, and the shore bases prepared for the winter in Scotland. Experimental mine-sweeping was undertaken at once. Two wooden sailing vessels, the ketches *Red Rose*

and *Red Fern*, were purchased from their fishermen owners with the thought that wooden vessels would be immune to the mine's magnetism. Under the late Lieutenant Noel Davis (who Legionnaires may remember lost his life while testing his plane *The American Legion* in which he hoped to make the first New York-Paris non-stop flight in the spring of 1927 just before Lindbergh's epic trip) they became the only sailing craft flying the American flag on naval duty during the last war. Proven unsuitable on the basis of speed, heavy steel tugs were used, after nullifying the magnetic action of the mine by countercharging the water from each vessel.

"Thirty-five heavy tugs soon arrived

from the States to join two which had assisted the mine-layers; twenty trawlers were chartered from British owners and American crews placed aboard. Twenty-four subchasers were assigned to marking the swept area with buoys and also to sink by rifle fire mines which bobbed up.

"Captain R. C. Bulmer was designated 'Commander Mine-Sweeping Detachment.' After a stirring record in the mine fields this officer was killed in an accident ashore. Casualties were inevitable in the field—one vessel, the *Richard Bulkely*, was sunk on July 12, 1919, carrying with her Commander King and six men. It would be impossible to describe life aboard the vessels in the stormiest body of water in the world, further stirred by constant mine explosions. From April to October, sweeping was almost continuous, but the job was completed one hundred percent. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels termed the mining operations 'the greatest achievement of its nature recorded in naval history.'

"Our North Sea Mine Force Association, Inc., was formed in Boston in December, 1920. In observance of the first Navy Day, October 27, 1923, a Mark VI Mine assembly was dedicated on Boston Common... With prompt action, typical of the Mine Force, President Richard C. O'Brien, an officer of the Boston City Club, summoned



Below, the Transport Logan that carried troops and supplies between San Francisco and Vladivostok, for the A. E. F. Siberia. Here she is in the harbor of Vladivostok during the winter of 1918



Rookies of Company E, 308th Infantry, step out in close-order drill at Camp Upton, New York, in 1918

all veterans of the Mine Force on August 30, 1939, the eve of Hitler's invasion of Poland, to a reorganization meeting. Former Lieutenant Duncan Shaw of Reading, Pennsylvania, formerly of Admiral Strauss' staff, was instructed to contact all who had participated in and were familiar with mine-laying and sweeping apparatus. John E. Nicholson of 426 East 110th Street, New York City, was placed in charge of the metropolitan area; George R. Tompkins, 3113 Patterson Avenue, Richmond, Virginia, was assigned the

Southern States, and James Gee, 1626 Illinois Avenue, Vallejo, California, to organize the Pacific Coast. Our Chapters are growing in membership, and nearly a thousand of these mining experts have filed telegraph addresses with me, as Secretary of the Association, and stand ready to offer their services.

"Our Association will hold its annual reunion and convention in Boston, October 25th to 27th, with a special observance of Navy Day on the program. I hope that all of the former shipmates will write to me at 3 Bangor Road, West Roxbury, Massachusetts, and that many of them will attend the reunion. Those in other sections of the country may join up with their sectional Chapters."

REMEMBER that old Army Order forbidding the possession or use of cameras during the war? Obviously that was just another of those rules made to be broken, as witness the scores of unofficial wartime pictures that have appeared in this department. We don't know how much, if any, punishment was meted out for violations but we are glad that so many men got by with snapshotting against orders, otherwise Then and Now would be at a loss for its illustrations.

Now for a most unusual contribution from D. Victor Emanuel of Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Post of the Legion, who is Health Instructor and Athletic Coach of the William Penn High School in that state capital, where he lives at 3015 North Sixth Street. We refer to the three views of a French village church and ask Comrade Emanuel to tell the Gang about them:

"I am a great admirer of Then and Now, in which appear pictures and stories having to do with the last war. During that conflict I was a member of the American Ambulance Service, S. S. U. 634, attached to the French Army, and we had the opportunity to take a lot of pictures. I am submitting a set of three pictures which you might be able to use.

"While taking (Continued on page 60)

IT'S *Everybody's* JOB

(Continued from page 5)

take some time to drive home the necessity of this seemingly simple formula. Not because our fellow citizens do not want to cooperate, but rather that they minimize the danger because of the lack of actual experience in the present kind of warfare.

The failure to realize the necessity of such detailed plans, plus our typical characteristic of rushing to the point of trouble or excitement and wanting to pitch in—these must be systematically overcome—and the civilian population must be trained to a new, disciplined self-control. There will be a large number of our fellow citizens and practically every Legionnaire assigned to duty.

Disorder, lack of discipline, and confusion in critical moments must be avoided. Every Legionnaire can commence right now. The National Commander has requested every Post to have every member do his part in this necessary great mass training for collective calm and individual obedience during an attack by a foreign enemy.

A large number of men and women will be required for the Air Raid Protection Service. This service will include covering every block in every city, town, village and in sections of rural districts. Section commanders, squad commanders, block commanders and house wardens will be the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of this force. Wardens, men and women, will be required to train and to execute the operation of civilian defense. Trained wardens will be assigned, and the moment the alarm of an air attack is given they will take their designated posts. Each will have a particular duty to perform. Motor vehicles must be stopped, occupants taken off the streets and put in the proper buildings, and streets cleared of all people. Lights must be out and wardens specially assigned to their task.

Some will have the responsibility of watching utility services, such as water pipes, gas mains, electric conduits, and must be fully prepared to call repair crews when necessary. Others will be stationed on roofs of buildings and at fixed posts in streets ready to attack and extinguish incendiary bombs on the spot. Some will know when to give alarm of fires beyond the control of the local wardens. All of this, of course, under a central and unified command.

This command will depend a great deal on the organizations of the government in our various cities. In most places it will be under the Police Commissioner or

Commissioner of Public Safety. In addition to these air raid protection wardens, including the spot fire watchers and fire fighters, every fire department in every city will necessarily have to be reinforced from three to five times its normal standing strength. Auxiliary fire personnel will be trained. These auxiliary fire forces will be formed into companies



"It's the only way I can get him to take a bath!"

and stationed within the fire zone of each permanent fire company. They will be trained in the art of fire fighting and the use of special equipment to meet fires under war conditions, such as portable pumps, and in the use of chemicals. In addition to that a large force of men and women will be trained and are now being trained for the medical division of this civilian army. Wardens will all be trained in preliminary first aid, then there will be the rescue squads to extricate injured people from under debris of fallen buildings, the administration of first aid, the transportation of injured people to field rescue stations. There they will be received by doctors and physicians and trained nurses and evacuated to permanent hospitals.

Canteen workers will be trained to prepare and serve food to the wardens, firemen and police when on continuous long hours of duty. As a special reserve, emergency food divisions will be organized to provide food in case a city is cut off from the normal source of supply through interrupted transportation. These are but a few of the many, many divisions of civilian protection. Plants, factories and large offices will train and have their own warden service. Courses have already been commenced in several of our large cities both by the police department and the fire department. The

Red Cross has already trained several thousand in first aid and these women are now taking refresher training courses and getting actual experience in surgical and emergency wards of hospitals.

In all of these services Legion Auxiliaries will have a large part. It has been agreed by all who have given this matter thought and study and by those who have seen actual conditions in a city under air bombardment, as has the present National Commander, that organized teamwork and strict discipline are necessary. Therefore, every individual forming part of this army must be able and willing to take orders from the duly constituted officers assigned for such purposes. Each individual becomes part of the organization to which he is assigned and while in action is of that organization, under its properly appointed officers in charge and officer in command.

In the smaller communities the Legion Post or Posts can do a great deal in aiding State, County or local authorities as the case may be, in the training of the personnel necessary in the various branches of civilian protection.

In the larger centers the Legion is expected to give full and complete cooperation with other organizations and enrol among its members veterans and women who are ready to start training at once. This, as a matter of fact, is already being done. The call of the National Commander has gone out and the response has been magnificent.

The Office of Civilian Defense is availing itself of the patriotic offer of the National Commander and has already drawn from the ranks of the Legion. Colonel Franklin D'Olier, the first elected National Commander, has been appointed Director of Civilian Defense for the Second Corps Area. Past National Commander Raymond J. Kelly has been appointed Director of Civilian Defense for the Sixth Corps Area. The present National Commander, distinguished citizen of the State of Ohio, will represent that State on the Volunteer Participation Committee appointed by the President of the United States. This committee is composed of five members from each army corps area. It is this committee that will bring to Washington the views, the conditions, and the defense needs of every section of our country and will act as the Advisory Board to the U. S. Director of Civilian Defense. In addition, the five from each corps area will form a Regional Committee, in turn acting as an Advisory Board to the United States Director of Civilian Defense for that corps area.

The duties and functions of the United States Office of Civilian Defense are not to supplant local defense councils. It is our job to coordinate all these forces to establish uniform courses of instruction, to provide a uniform manual of operation when we get into action, to seek the necessary equipment, to maintain the morale of the forces and to give each

State and local council such help as may be required; to bring about the closest of cooperation between the Federal Office of Civilian Defense and state and local offices. The Federal Office of Civilian Defense will designate wherever possible the executive of the State or subdivision of the State as United States Director of Civilian Defense for that particular territory.

Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Herbert R. O'Connor of Maryland and John W. Bricker of Ohio, all Legionnaires, have been designated as the U. S. Directors for their respective States. Governors James of Pennsylvania, Sprague of Oregon, and Langlie of Washington have also been named for their respective States, and as I am able to inspect remaining States and corps areas I expect to make like appointments.

As I have said so many times, a particular task has been given to me and to the various defense councils throughout the country. It is not our responsibility or our duty to shape the foreign affairs of our country, the American people having designated the power under our Constitution to the President of the

United States and to their chosen representatives in Congress. Our job is to train and to be ready if. We cannot take a chance on that "if." Some weeks ago, frankly, the percentage of probability that we would never be called into action was greater than it is today. As I am writing this article on one of the hottest days of the early part of this summer, Congress has received a message from the President of the United States stating the attitude of our country and telling the whole world that we refuse to surrender the freedom of the seas, that we cannot be intimidated and in language heretofore unknown in diplomacy, tells the Dictators just where they come off. I do not claim that if our country becomes involved we will be subjected to the long, sustained air attacks lasting hours and hours such as England has suffered day after day, but I do say that if we should perchance become involved, that notwithstanding all of our outposts, the new bases, the strength of our Navy, the efficiency of our air forces and all the vigilant patrolling, we will be in all likelihood subjected to sudden short and surprise attacks. We can greatly reduce the damage of such attacks by well trained and disciplined civilian defense

forces. We can entirely eliminate the factor of fright and panic by self-discipline and characteristic American determination and fortitude.

I did have, a few days ago, a definite ending for this article; now, frankly, I do not know and dare not prophesy what might happen or when. Every Legionnaire now knows just how our parents, relatives and dear ones felt when we were called into service. We in turn now line up with pent emotion and a lump in our throats and give our sons a cheerful send-off as they are called to the service of our country, with the difference that we too are again called to help. Our duty this time will not be as dramatic or as spectacular as it was then, but it is just as necessary. The immediate protection of our own families and our own homes. What is ahead of us the next few months or the next few weeks, who can tell? I do know that whatever happens we will come out victorious. I do know that new techniques or old, new weapons of destruction or old, we will successfully protect our shores, gloriously maintain American institutions, and we will take care of every man, woman and child in our country. So once more we march together, and—

Never Heard of Him?

(Continued from page 13)

arrival he was bound over to Judge Winston to work out the indenture.

When the war came along, Peter was all for getting into it. His mind ran with the minds of his friends the Virginians. He was built for battle and hardship. When he begged his master, who seems to have become more like a guardian, to permit him to enlist in the patriot army, the judge did so. Whereupon, in the fall of 1776, the boy set forth on a career it would be difficult to match anywhere. Wherever the conflict raged hottest, there he liked to be, an embattled knight waging prodigious war.

The private soldier fights the wars. Leaders there must be, but there can be no leaders without men willing or submitting to be led. The led men are followers. They are for the most part, in all generations, nameless and forgotten men who back the leaders with all they have, who give their personal interests, ambitions, prospects, futures, families, limb and life, who strike and are struck, who shoot and are shot at, who freeze and starve and struggle on to victory, defeat or draw.

Private soldiers are followers. Peter Francisco was a follower, one of the rank and file in all wars who do the fighting, the winning and the dying. See how he fought the War of the Revolution. Behold him the bold and forthright, up-and-at-them soldier. His good sword of five-foot blade none but him could

wield. Tradition has it that no one engaged against it and lived. That sword was said to have been made especially for him by order of General Washington himself, who had heard that Francisco complained the regulation army weapon was too light and too short.

At Guilford Court House, where Peter, at twenty, fought under Colonel Watkins, he laid low eleven men in succession with that sword. It is so recorded by no less than the famous historian Lossing. In that battle, one of the enemy made such headway against Peter as to pin his leg to his horse with a bayonet. Undaunted, Peter helped the other to free the bayonet; then brought the great cleaver down on the luckless man's head with such force as to split it down to the trunk. A monument on the site of the battlefield commemorates that one-man massacre of the eleven.

If he ever scoffed at war—there is no record that he ever did—it was not from having never felt a wound. In the fight at Monmouth, the year after Brandywine, he was wounded by a musket-ball. The next year, at the storming of Stony Point, a bayonet thrust got him in the thigh. He was among the first of the attackers to enter the fortress.

When the war shifted to the South, he was sent there. He was at Camden, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, as stated, and Yorktown. He received a wound at Guilford.

The War of the Revolution was largely

one of short-term enlistments. Many a man served one enlistment and lit out for home with a bellyful, to fight no more. Though Virginia and Massachusetts used conscription to some extent to fill the troop quotas, general conscription was not for Washington's armies fighting under a Congress representing thirteen independent States. Washington recommended conscription.

Francisco served numerous enlistments, always in Virginia units, his kind the joy and support of commanders. His first service was with the Tenth Virginia Regiment of the Continental line—"famous band of musketeers." He served too with the Sixth Virginia, also Continentals. Late in the war he was a member of a militia company; and he joined a cavalry troop before it was over. One surmises that cavalry was his choice. His huge frame called for a mount.

How should a private behave toward his colonel when he finds himself in a critical situation involving both? Peter had no doubts when the occasion arose. A volunteer with General Gates's army for the southern campaign, he was detached with the regiment of Colonel William Mayo of Powhatan County, Virginia. He was able to do Colonel Mayo a good turn in the retreat after Cornwallis's defeat of Gates at Camden.

Separated from his comrades in a rout wherein, for the time, it was every man for himself, Peter observed the wise saw about him who fights and runs away.

Leaving a road, he took to the woods and sat down to rest. A British trooper riding up demanded his immediate surrender.

Taken off guard, Peter resorted to guile. As if the fight were all out of him, he indicated that he gave up. Saying his musket, being empty, was of no use to him, he presented it sideways, to be disarmed. The other suspected nothing. The seeming prisoner suddenly leveled the gun and drove the bayonet through his captor's middle, hurling him from his horse.

PETER mounted the horse and rode off. But not far. He overtook Colonel Mayo on foot, also getting away. The private turned the horse over to his commander, who, far from refusing it, set off at a great pace. Peter saved himself somehow. For his generous act, the colonel later made him a gift of a thousand acres of land in Kentucky—a kingdom for a horse.

The outcome suggests to all privates, and to all non-commissioned and lower-grade officers, the wisdom of being kind to their colonels in distress and not letting them walk when it can be helped. So that the colonels may in time present their benefactors with large acreages of land or other munificent gifts.

A classic tale has come down the years, purporting to be in Francisco's own words, of his encounter with a group of redcoats who had surprised him unarmed. Back in Virginia from the Carolinas, he had been reconnoitering and was stopping, alone, at a tavern in Amelia County. The place is now in Nottoway County. Nine of Tarleton's cavalry, with several Negroes, rode up and took him prisoner.

Cool and reasonable when the occasion prompted restraint, he did not resist. Thinking him harmless and far from combative, all but one of his captors went into the house, leaving that one to look after the prisoner.

That one, goes the narrative, turned upon him and demanded, "Give up instantly all that you possess of value, or prepare to die."

"I have nothing to give up," Francisco told him, "so use your pleasure."

"Deliver instantly," said the other, "those massy silver buckles which you wear in your shoes."

Quoth Francisco, "They were a present from a valued friend, and it would grieve me to part with them. Give them into your hands I never will. You have the power; take them, if you think fit."

Chucking sabre under arm, the redcoat stooped to take the buckles from his shoes.

Francisco, seeing the chance he had been sparring for, took a step backward, grasped the hilt of his enemy's weapon and jerked it from him. In a flash he brought the blade down on its owner's head.

"My enemy," still in Francisco's words, "was brave and, though severely wounded, drew a pistol. In the same moment that he pulled the trigger, I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side."

Here the tavern owner, one Ben Wand, entered the affray with conduct most amazing.

"Ben Wand," in the Franciscan narrative, "very ungraciously brought out a musket and gave it to one of the British soldiers, and told him to make use of that. The soldier mounted the only horse they could get and presented the musket at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun. A

PETER FRANCISCO, who has lately applied to Congress for a pension for Revolutionary services, was supposed, when in the prime of manhood, to be the strongest man in the United States. We do not know whether, like Maximus, he could break a horse's jaw-bone with a stroke, or his thigh with a kick, but we have heard the following story told in illustration of his strength:

The fame of Francisco's great strength spread far and wide through Virginia. Every man who could "whip his weight in wild cats," burned with the desire of reaping renown by an encounter with Francisco. Among others, a bully from near the mountains, next to the land of half horse and half alligator men, determined on comparing his prowess with that of the reputed strongest man in the State. He deliberately commenced his journey with the intent of whipping Francisco, or being whipped himself. He arrives in the neighborhood of his intended antagonist, and meeting a man in a lane with a stake and rider fence on each side, he inquired of him if he knew Peter Francisco, and where he lived. The man answered that he was himself Peter Francisco. The business was made known, and Francisco, who was a very peaceable gentleman, remonstrated against such a foolish contest between two men; who had never injured each other. But in vain, the man would not be put off, and dismounting and tying his horse to the fence, told Francisco that he must either fight or run. Francisco, very coolly dismounting, replied that he had never been in the habit of running—if he must fight he could not help it. They met—Francisco seized his antagonist like he had been a child, and threw him entirely over the fence—when he got up, he very good naturedly asked him to be so good as to toss him over his horse also—he wished to be travelling. *Georgia Courier.*

Strong man Francisco turned to his country for support in his old age, as reported in the Wheeling (West Virginia) Gazette, Feb. 7, 1829, quoting the Georgia Courier

short struggle ensued. I disarmed and wounded him.

"Tarleton's troop of four hundred men were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which I increased by repeatedly hallooing, as loud as I could, 'Come on, my brave boys, now's your time; we will dispatch these few, and then attack the main body.'

"The wounded man fled to the troop; the others were panic struck and fled. I seized Wand, and would have dispatched him but the poor wretch begged for his life; he was not only an object of my contempt, but pity. The eight horses that were left behind I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had dispatched ten more in pursuit of me, I made off. I evaded their vigilance.

"I went the next day to Wand for my horses, he demanded two, for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding my situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies when I ought to have found friends, I went off with my six horses. I intended to have avenged myself of Wand at a future day, but Providence ordained I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses."

The redoubtable Peter sold all but one of his horses at Prince Edward courthouse the next day. There was a lot of informality in military practices in the Revolution. He kept one horse for himself and named it "Tarleton."

An engraving depicting the encounter with Tarleton's troopers, first published in 1814, met with much popular approval. Copies of it adorned parlor walls, North and South, for a generation. The original is in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

After Yorktown, Francisco returned to his old home neighborhood in Buckingham County. The war was over. He opened a small store in the county the next year and also ran a tavern. Changing occupations, a year later he set up a smithy on a crossroads piece of land on Willis River given him by one Joseph Curd, an army comrade. The old town of Curdsville grew up there. Peter became the village blacksmith—sinewy hands, brawny arms, iron muscles and all. There may be horseshoes still treasured in Virginia farm houses as having been beaten out by him.

VIRGINIA had always suited him and he was content to stay there. As citizen and not alien, he did well for himself. From smith to planter, from planter to country gentleman, such progress has not been astounding in the nation he helped to establish. He owned slaves, earned leisure, lived well. He took a wife, three wives in fact, in succession, and begot sons and daughters to tell their father's story.

What about that thousand acres of land in Kentucky? He never obtained them. "Title disputes," was his explanation. A more specific one is that the gift to him was by will, the Mayo heirs protested and he refused to contest.

When courting his first wife the girl's father, the story runs, favored another suitor because of Peter's lack of education. The Winston family, while treating him well, had failed to give him schooling. On entering the army he could scarcely write his name and whether he could read seems doubtful. But, love and determination driving him, he attended a neighborhood school, soon acquired a working grasp of the reading and writing business, and married the girl. He became a good reader, it is recorded, though never more than an indifferent writer. His sword was mightier than his pen.

That wasn't the first major crisis in which illiteracy held him back. Offered a commission in the army, he had declined it because of meager education. With a high regard for an officer's rank, he felt that ready skill in reading and writing were essential to it.

Being a man who liked good clothes and, with growing prosperity, dressed to his liking—"luxuriously," the tradition goes—he made no drab figure in the community. It was his pleasure to ride about on a white mare, visiting at this or that planter's house with cronies of the war days. An ancient record has it that he was always welcome in the homes of the first families of the region. He was likely to ride abroad wearing a blue gold-braided coat, yellow trousers and black boots. The ensemble went not so badly with his white horse.

WHILE liked by men and women, and conceivably vastly popular with admiring children, he became more or less a cause of alarm to neighbor women as a guest in their houses. Let the stern truth be told; he was a chair breaker. Few chairs could withstand the impact or the dead load of the Franciscan bulk. Once he entered a house and sat him down, that chair was in jeopardy. Anything was likely to happen to it, from a broken leg to complete wreckage.

A farseeing woman devised a wily method of outmaneuvering Peter and saving her chairs. When she saw him

approaching on his white steed, a commanding sight from afar, she would have her husband meet him in the yard. There he would be invited to sit on a stone bench where, with all safe, the rites of hospitality could be dispensed with good heart.

In other yards where he was wont to hold forth with comrades of the war and where there was no stone seat, his chair might be found after his departure sunk to the bottom rounds into the ground.

Though fond of his "sider," which he seems to have ordered by the hogshead, his reputation was of one temperate and industrious, good-natured, peaceably disposed, not at all a bully, a friend to the less fortunate and an occasional queller of disturbances at public gatherings when the peace officers were not effective. The propensity for preserving order may have had something to do with his appointment in his later years as sergeant-at-arms of the Virginia House of Delegates. When appointed, he moved, with his third wife, from his Buckingham County house to Richmond. The house he left is still standing.

The imposing Franciscan frame and fame graced the honorable post of sergeant-at-arms, earned recognition of notable military service, until his death in 1831. John Randolph of Roanoke had presented his merits to Congress and in his last days he drew a small soldier's-pension. He was buried with military honors in Shockoe cemetery, Richmond,

and a headstone marks the spot.

In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, thirteen "Liberty Trees," now about fifty years old, stand in impressive arch commemorating Cornwallis's surrender of nearly one hundred sixty years ago. They were planted by the Daughters of the American Revolution, one tree for each parent State of the Union. With the sapling sent from each State was a bag of earth from the grave of a chosen Revolutionary soldier, and the earth was scattered over the roots in planting. The tree sent from Virginia was a chestnut. Earth for it came from the grave of Peter Francisco.

A MIGHTY man was he: alien, patriot, soldier, "giant of the Continental Army," "first private of the Revolution," citizen of the Republic. When he died in January of 1831, a young farm hand named Lincoln newly arrived in Illinois and doing odd jobs in the country around Decatur may have read of his death in the *Richmond Whig*, for the young man was a Whig himself and read newspapers avidly.

Lincoln wrote thirty years later the perfect epitaph for Peter Francisco and all other patriots of America when he set down some words about "the mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land." It was his thought that, when rightly touched, they would swell the chorus of the Union.

NEPHEWS OF *Chiko Sam*

(Continued from page 7)

They didn't keep their voices low. I suppose they figured we would never be repeating anything.

"Fool!" said the voice we didn't know. "To let those papers out of your sight an eye-wink."

"I only went upstairs to get my watch," Chrester explained. "I forgot it and—"

"And you almost forgot your life away," stated the unfamiliar voice. "Lucky you heard a noise and slipped downstairs before they walked off with our schedule. For that I would have killed you. And now those two have got to be induced to keep our secrets. I hope you have a very good inducer. They can't stay in that closet for the balance of their lives."

"Oh I don't know," said Chrester. "Life is short."

I was afraid. That closet was so small. There was so little shelter in its corners. There was no room to make a good smash at the door. And one charge had to do it; for a ten-shot clip of bullets could be put through it in three seconds.

"It is your own predicament," said the

unknown voice. "Solve it however you will. But I should judge your gun a bit too noisy."

"Noisy?" There came the click of metal snapping home on metal.

"Ah," we heard the strange voice breathe. "Objection overruled. A silencer. . . . But in any case I must leave this matter in your hands. I cannot risk involvement. So the brief-case please. You have memorized the plans for next week at your open hearth? They are clear? Good. And good luck. Aufwiedersehen."

Afraid or not, I had to warn the mill, and now; for we couldn't let that brief-case get away. So here it was. And that's what Mike was thinking too. I felt his hard hand on my arm. He whispered, "Sada?"

The language of his fathers, not his Uncle Chiko's in this moment, death at hand. Sada? Now?

But I never had to give the answering word. We didn't have to charge the closet door. Earth quivered and the whole house staggered from some nearby mighty blow. The closet door sprang from its frame. We drove through but

we failed to get a warning to the rolling mill. It was already going. Its start-up hour had been changed, moved forward. It barely reached full rolling speed when its fly-wheel blew up.

The thick spoke which had been unbolted at the hub was the let-go cord of an incalculable sling. The rim of that great wheel was cast in massive segments, each in one piece with its spoke; but the spoke of one was loose. All that held that segment in its place was the tight, hard-jammed dove-tailing with the next rim sections. Against the mighty out-pull of centrifugal force that hold was feeble. Without the slightest warning it exploded from the whirling ring of steel. A sling shot of a thousand pounds, it soared up, ripped a great hole through the roof and disappeared.

Its thick spoke, broken from it, spun the full length of the mill, smashed through the gable end and hit a passing locomotive, knocking it from the rails and over on its side. And then, all in a couple of devastating seconds, that dreadfully unbalanced wheel hammered its massive bearings into shards, broke its huge shaft off like a peppermint

stick, and literally tore itself to pieces, spraying the Susquehanna plant for half a mile with deadly fragments, great and small. And the 44-inch mill looked as though a bomb had fallen on the center of it.

THE appalling crash held us a moment frozen. The ground shook. Half the town of Ironville could feel it. But the row of little homes on Bessemer Street felt more. The steel plant fence was just across the way, and beyond that towered the building of the 44-inch mill. And almost simultaneously with the roar and quiver of the stricken mill we felt a fearful rending, splintering, wrenching, this time close about us. The closet walls that prisoned me and Mike lurched wildly and the floor beneath us swayed. And the locked door leaped wide open and hung out of plumb.

I never saw a blocking back move as fast as Mike, or hit as hard. Chrester was standing, gun in hand, beside a table, dazed. Before he had a chance to raise his arm, he was carried smashing into the wall behind him, and his weapon had come spinning to my feet. I snatched it up before the stony-faced blond man with Chrester could begin to make a move.

"The brief-case, comrade," I said to stone-face. "Put it on the table, and step back."

He glanced about, searching, no doubt, for some way to destroy that shocking evidence.

"Look," I said. "The silencer had been knocked off this. But I would not give a damn how much noise it made.

It would sound like celebrating the Fourth of July to me. Quick, now!"

I hate to kill. You couldn't pay me to shoot a deer or bear. But this sort of vermin. American boys might yet be killed because this one had helped so greatly in the slowing of American defense. And ten to one, right now, because of him, loyal American working men, old friends, old neighbors, lay crushed underneath the wreckage at the 44-inch mill. I was getting to be a better American every second as I stood watching him. I think he saw it in my eye. He put the brief-case on the table and stepped back.

We herded the two of them out onto Bessemer Street. The house between the one we just had left and Mike's was wrecked. Steve Tsrnkovitch's house—the home of Steve who ran the 99. Where the roof met the front wall some terrible projectile had begun its work, and from that point had blasted back and down, taking out floors, partitions, stairways, ripping a great hole through the heart of the place. Out in the back yard, in the small, thrifty Tsrnkovitch tomato patch which it had mowed flat, lay a huge, half-ton fragment of the 44-inch mill fly-wheel rim.

The block-long row of houses in which the wrecked one stood had swiftly emptied, and Bessemer Street was full of people. Night-turn men out of bed, half dressed, and women and children. Nearly all Yugoslav-Americans, for the races gathered in communities in Ironville. People from Bosnia and Montenegro, from Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Serbia—beautiful provinces that had lately been trampled under bloody boots.

But broad and motherly Stana Tsrnkovitch wasn't in the street. She sat on the front step of her wrecked home, four frightened children pressing close about her. How those five had escaped that fearful sling-shot from the mill no one could tell; and as yet no one had found the heart to tell her that the sixth one of that house had not escaped. The upset locomotive at the 44-inch mill gable had been the 99.

"Come on, boss," Mike said to me. "We go now for plant. Plenty got job, you me, night, day, help fix up big mill. Chiko Sam need dot mill."

"But, Mike," I said, "we've got to turn those two men in to the authorities."

"What two men?" asked Mike.

MIKE'S head inclined toward a lifted shoulder, and his arm moved in an exploring quadrant which ended pointing to a crowded circle in the middle of Bessemer Street. Good hundred percenter nephews of their Chiko Sam made up that circle, all people who appreciated what their Chiko Sam had done for them, all people who simply could not understand why their Chiko Sam did not exterminate the vermin that would surely bring plague to his house.

Strangely, no sound at all came from that crowded circle. It tightened toward its center as I watched it. But no shudder shook me. Maybe I have absorbed from South-Slav friends a little of their gift for hatred when it comes to anyone who tries to undermine my country's strength. Maybe I am as good an American as Mike Oslanski after all.

HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT *Again*

(Continued from page 15)

Did you guys ever eat chicken in the old days except on Thanksgiving and Christmas?

The induction center feeds a garrison ration that includes fried chicken *three* times a week, and chops and steaks. The three officers' messes that I chowed in later couldn't touch these menus for all-around goodness.

As I recall it, I ate a hell of a lot of slum in 1917-1918 and not all in France either.

Do you remember the iron-jawed sergeant who led you out of the unpainted barracks to a huge straw-pile? And then pointed to a stack of white bed-sacks and said, "Okay, you birds, make yourself a mattress—and don't try to take *all* the straw."

Testing your memory further, you'll recall that after you got the damned round thing onto the canvas cot you almost froze with only two blankets despite the fact that you slept with your

underwear on. And the cots so close together that the guy next to you slept with his head at the foot so you wouldn't breathe the same air, and you made



dirty remarks about him not changing his socks often enough.

Well, pal, it ain't like that now.

While we were waiting to go through the classification end of the mill, we went to the induction tents. Big, square, high-pointed tents, the sides opened and screened, half-boarded from the bottom, with an excellent floor. In these tents are six iron cots with *mattresses*. And

sheets. And *pillows* in *white pillowcases*. You lads who rolled up your spare breeches to shove beneath the under blanket, think about that. Pajamas, too. Your own. These luxuries, of course, aren't found with the field troops. But I'm comparing rookie centers of then and now. The officers sleep no better, I can tell you. And if you don't think these little touches hearten a lonely, confused lad's morale, you should have seen their faces.

Naturally you can remember when somebody was cursing the cook for dishing out burned slum in our Army and somebody else always piped up, "Him? A cook? Hell, he was a blacksmith—we just *drew* him as a cook."

They don't do it that way in this man's Army.

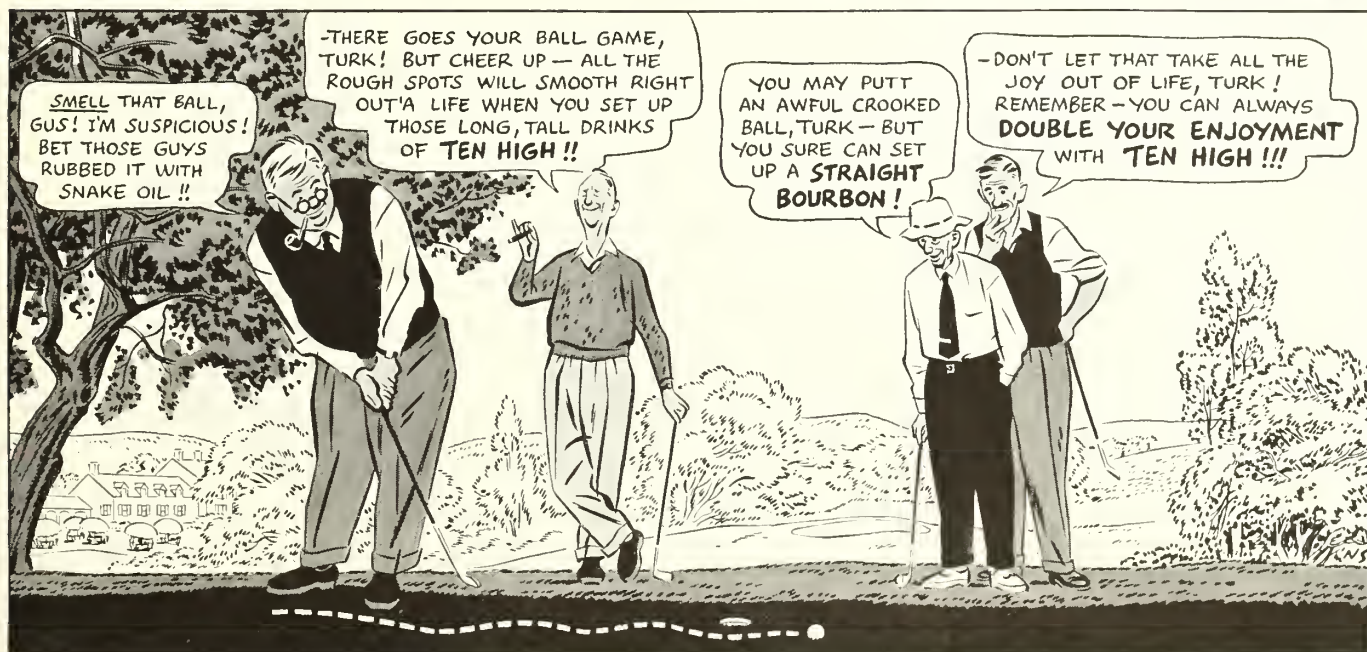
After chow we went into the classification center. Here by utilizing the code filing system borrowed from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the

(Continued on page 44)



"THE RIBBERS"

by *Ned Siskler*



TEN HIGH IS STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 90 PROOF. COPP 1941, HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

(Continued from page 42)

Army can and does classify everything about you from your birth to the passing minute. Everything you've ever done, schooling, different jobs, hobbies, sports. Skilled psychologists discuss all this—and your hopes—with you in the friendly spirit that seems a part of this new Army. All this finally simmers down to one of three ratings: "Skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled."

If you worked as a clerk in a chain grocery company you're very liable to wind up in the Post Exchange or in the Quartermaster's Department. If you were a printer you'll likely find yourself on the camp newspaper. The youth in front of me—neat, trim—had a hundred hours in the air, ten hours of blind flying, two years as an airplane mechanic student. He'll finish in an army school to train plane mechanics, with a chance at being a pilot. They need all kinds of skills in this Army and it still amazes me how good the brass hats are getting at putting the right skill in the right job.

You've probably still got three deep scars on your left arm just below the shoulder where a tired soldier scratched you and dropped in some smallpox vaccine. And just beyond him was the mug who gave you the shot of paratyphoid that brought on one hell of a night of delirium and fever. Well, you still get vaccinated and also the typhoid and paratyphoid shots. But the years have made the scars neater, and the stuff doesn't put you on sick call for two-three days. It doesn't bother you at all.

And now, attention, please—we're going to draw equipment. Boy, do you remember the blouse so big you and your bunkie could both get in? The size twelve, double-E shoes that the sergeant said you could fill out by wearing two-three pairs of socks? And how you drew an overcoat even if you were in San Antonio in August, with the thermometer at 104 in the shade and no shade?

That's all changed, too. You'd be amazed, but this Army only gives you equipment that you use.

A barrack bag, a meat can, knife, fork and spoon; a cup and canteen and canteen cover. That all seems familiar, but wait! Here is a shaving kit, complete with razor, blades, brush—everything but shaving soap. And with it a comb and toothbrush. Think back, pal, who *was* the chairlady of that dame's committee that made up all those Red Cross kits for the boys going away to the Army? That's the way you got a razor then.

Then, too, we got Infantry collar ornaments and threw them away when we wound up in the Signal Corps. Now, they give you the single U. S. ornament. After that you draw a haversack, a black necktie, and a gray-green one.

This being Florida and summer, you get three sets of light underwear, two khaki shirts, pair of khaki slacks, an overseas cap, a web belt, a pair of gray-green coveralls as dungarees, short canvas leggings, a pair of gloves. The blouse? The Army doesn't issue khaki blouses any more. They're too hot for summer.

Now, you get a pair of dog-tags that—believe it or not—have the next of kin and the address stamped on them as well as your name and serial number. So if you get a pat on the chest with a shovel now, your people will know you're dead in less than the usual six months.

And finally shoes! Shades of the old dubbed hob-nails, now gone and forgotten! You climb on a platform, and they put a measuring device on your foot to get your *exact* size. And after they do, you try on the smart-looking, Munson-last brown shoes with *rubber* heels. And if they don't fit, you stay there until you get a pair that does.

Finally you are handed a copy of the Soldier's Handbook, containing the basic field manual—everything a rookie soldier should know and must learn, and you emerge into the sunshine ready for the fifteen weeks of intensive military training.

But where, you say plaintively, is the tin hat, the shelter-half and tent pegs, and the cosmolined rifle and bayonet and intrenching tool, and all the other equipment a hard-working clerk in regimental headquarters used to have to find hastily for an unexpected show-down inspection? Brother, they don't issue that any more unless you're a combat soldier—and perhaps you don't get them then.

Here's the reason once more—this is an Army of specialists. Before I go with my rookies to the drill ground, let me show you, in this man's Army, what an enlisted man can become. And what kind of money he can draw.

Perhaps you can remember how the Old Man had you on some very special work and you said, "Sir, I ought to be a corporal—or a sergeant?" And he said, "I know that, Doe, but on our tables of organization we can have only so many non-coms and I've made them all." So you did the special work at a buck private's pay.

But now!

A buck private can make sixty dollars a month if he's doing a special kind of a job. There are six grades of special rating where you draw extra pay added to your basic pay. These are: 1st class, \$30.00; 2d class, \$25.00; 3d class, \$20.00; 4th class, \$15.00; 5th class, \$6.00; 6th class, \$3.00.

If you are a private with a first-class special rating you get \$60.00 every time the old eagle does his stuff.

All told, there are seven grades of enlisted men: The master sergeant at \$126.00 a month; a technical sergeant at \$84.00; staff sergeant at \$72.00; sergeant at \$60.00; corporal at \$54.00; private first class at \$36.00 and the ol' buck at \$30.00. A private for the first four months gets \$21.00.

But that's better than we did with our A. E. F. pay. As a line sergeant I drew, as I remember, \$57.50 when I was around to hear the bugle. That job now, if the sarge has a first-class specialist rating, pays \$90.00.

A master sergeant (equivalent to our
(Continued on page 46)



"Hey! I thought this was a mechanized army!"



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(Continued from page 44)

old master signal electrician and master mechanic) whom I met draws \$228.00 a month, which besides specialist pay includes an increase of twenty-five percent for three enlistments, \$34.50 for quarters—he's married—and \$36.00 a month for rations on detached duty.

Yeah, they want specialists and they're paying for them. Every morning a teletype giving code numbers of skilled and semi-skilled men goes to Fourth Corps headquarters in Atlanta. And within a few days the said soldier may be on his way to Alaska to run a dredge, or to overhaul airplane motors in San Diego; or an ex-shoe clerk may wind up in another camp issuing shoes to selectees.

In despite of Major Johnston's dirty remark about my slightly-thickened girth I went into the School of the Soldier because the drill is new. Like the rest of this new Army you're taught only what you are going to use. Man, the days we slogged back and forth, doing squads right and left, and a drill sergeant with Philippine ribbons cursing because we didn't look like West Pointers. You'll see squads east and west in the American Army no more.

The basic drill now is "right face," "left face," "right oblique" and "left oblique" and "to the rear." Out of these, of course, come formation turns while in motion which is merely all the above done while you are marching some place. If you're hiking, the order is "Column left (or right)" or "Column half-left (or right)." In our time, remember, when we were in a column of squads and we had to come into company front it was, "Squads left into line" and the anchor guy marked time and the outside guy hurried and prayed to God he got there in time. Now, to come to company front from a column formation, the command is, "By the right (or left) flank—harch!"—and you each do a left or right face and there you are. An officer who commanded a platoon in the last guerre and now has handled a battalion tells me this drill simplification has made it easier to move troops. I'm not touching on intervals, route march, parade rest or the like—the above is the basic change.

And of course they still vary the one-two, one-two with the chant of

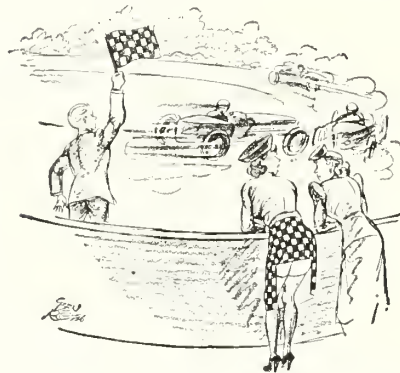
Hay foot, straw foot
Belly full of bean soup.

There is still the same old drill, fatigue, K. P. and other work for a soldier to do between Reveille at six A. M. and Recall at four-thirty. The big change is what is being done to help him with his free time. In our day, as you'll remember, we ambled to the "Y" hut and wrote a lot of letters on stationery headed, "On Active Service," or played checkers or rummy, bought some chocolate, listened in on a "sing;" and the rest of the time suffered from nostalgia. Nobody thought to do very much about

our brooding time—and we had too much of it.

They've got a morale and recreation staff in this man's outfit that doesn't give a soldier much time to mope. Particularly is the off-time of the selectee handled with organized play. The rookie is still new and uncomfortable and looking for a place to weep quietly. At Blanding he plays soft ball or baseball or even tennis or table tennis. He can play checkers or dominoes or listen to the radio, or go down to his Post Exchange branch and buy something if he's got any moolah.

This time the Army is doing its own



"Tom'd forget his head if it wasn't tied on to him!"

job of supplying extras through the Post Exchange, movies through its movie bureau, games and dances and fun through the recreation halls. In the PX a soldier can buy anything from a bar of chocolate to an outboard motor.

The movies are (at Blanding) in circus tents holding 2,000 men, and a soldier sees the latest-run pictures at thirteen cents a ticket. At the recreation center is a cafeteria if he wants to vary his chow, a soda fountain (yeah, you heard me) and orchestras chosen from the several bands always on the station. Here he can bring his girl and see movies through small portable projectors with sound equipment. He can do a rumba or just sit and talk. Due to the Army's new system of using civil service help for the permanent camp administration there are plenty of girls at Blanding—and do they get a rush!

Every soldier with a good conduct record has a permanent pass that lets him stay off the station beyond "Lights out" and "Taps." So he can catch a bus to a nearby town if he wants a change of scenery. I don't seem to remember anything like that in our time.

But what I believe to be the most important adjunct to morale is the leave centers that the Army has in nearby cities where soldiers can go for inexpensive week-end trips. Near Blanding the Army has thousand-soldier tent cities in Jacksonville Beach, St. Augustine and Daytona Beach.

Truck convoys move the men in hundred-lots to one or the other of

these centers. The soldier registers in as if at a hotel, for he is assigned a bed with sheets, and a nearby bath. From Friday evening until late Sunday afternoon he is on his own. He can fish or swim, or beach, or see the sights or just do plain bunk fatigue. If he wants organized play like baseball, volley ball, handball, he can have it. His meals cost him from fifteen to thirty cents each.

You A. E. F.-ers will remember with what cheers we greeted the creation of leave areas after the Armistice when it became possible to get off the Rue Nationale and get out of the stables and see another bistro besides that one owned by Papa Touchard. So you can understand the tremendous relief afforded soldiers in a boring and (believe me) tough training schedule by this forty-eight hours away from it all. How many week-end passes did *you* ever rate?

The truth is this isn't so much of an Army as it is a huge industrial organization geared to produce fighting men and equipment. The very atmosphere is different. You who got the hell bawled out of you by some second loonie who walked a half-block from the other side of the street because you failed to salute him, won't understand that nowadays off the station a soldier doesn't salute. And an enlisted man, once he is assigned to a unit for duty, cannot be transferred without his consent.

There is discipline, plenty of it. Don't mistake that. But, somehow, it isn't the ram-rod discipline we knew in 1917-1918. It's more the industrial discipline between straw boss or executive and worker. Between officer and enlisted man is the quiet understanding of two men trying to do a job and each knowing the other's responsibility in the doing.

At another time I hope to show how this wide change has affected tactics, maneuvers and exercises to the point where a sergeant is now squad leader instead of a corporal. That will take up my rookies after fifteen-weeks' training.

But there is no room here, for I must answer the question you already have in your mind: If this is a new Army, then are soldiers different now than they were in our time?

Listen in on a few snatches of conversation: "Sure, I hit the crap game for sixty smackers and me and Sally starts out to do a few juke joints when this Kaloski horns in. Boy, did I lay one on his lamp. . . ." "Yeah, them corporal's stripes has gone to Mergen's head. Who the hell does he think he is, putting me on K. P. because I got sick and rested? . . ." "That dame? She can't see anything below a sergeant's stripes . . ." "So the skipper says . . ."

Dames, dough, stripes and work! The old soldier thought of those things and so does the new one. The Army and its mission, and its methods may change, but soldiers—twenty-four years ago we were just like them.

PLAY, SOLDIER, *Play*

(Continued from page 27)

sprint titles to holding every record on the books up to 220 yards. No doubt both would have gone far without the service athletic work, but I know they were helped by it.

If the Army wants to go along on the 1917 way of handling athletics it will not have a sorry story to tell after this training period is over. There have been inducted many of our great athletes from all sports. These men will continue those sports they like so well and set a pace for the others in doing it.

Hank Greenberg, star outfielder and hitter of the Detroit Tigers, will surely carry on and encourage baseball wherever he goes in the Army. Hank wants to return to baseball and will not lose an opportunity to keep in shape.

Kimbrough, All-American Texas half-back, wants to return to professional football and will see to it that he does not get too far from his college form.

Men like Greenberg and Kimbrough can both play and coach. In fact, that is where the instructors could be had in an

"athletics for all" program in the camps.

In his article "More Power to You, Uncle," Frank McCormick urges the physical development of those under the induction age. He says, "The Legion's emphasis is on organized coordinated recreation under trained leadership to help people to be well, strong and in command of their bodies and their minds so that bodies and minds do what their owners wish them to do. Such recreation will develop both the manpower and the morale of our civilian population."

When I was coaching the Czechoslovakian Olympic team in 1935-36, for the games in Berlin, I had to turn to the army on many occasions to get material. The Czechs had compulsory military training of two years for all those reaching the age of eighteen. This was the type of boy I needed and if he had had previous athletic experience, I doubly needed him.

The soldier athlete was always in better physical condition and developed faster than the civilian student.

My one trouble was that as soon as I

got a soldier athlete coming along well he would be sent off for maneuvers for a few weeks and my work would go to pot for that period.

The Navy has seen fit to install in part a system of physical education, especially for its flying students. Gene Tunney has been commissioned a regular officer and spends his time going from place to place giving instruction.

The Navy in 1917 recognized the value of athletics both as a recreation and maybe for recruiting value as well. The Great Lakes Training School had a list of athletes which any two big universities would have liked to have every year. Joie Ray, the outstanding miler of that time is just one of the many I recall.

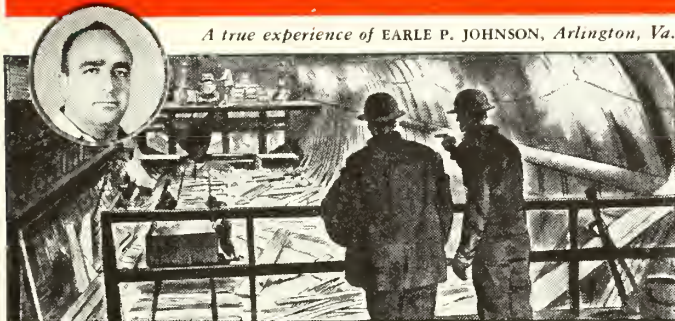
At Newport, R. I., Training Base, the Navy went in for football and, led by "Cupid" Black, 1915 Yale football captain, it had a team which beat most of the service teams it met.

The Marines had a team which was led by Ned Mahan, Harvard's all-American back and mentioned by many authorities as one of the all-time backs.

Looking back at Lawson Robertson's experience with his 300 average students and seeing how little coordination of their bodies they had in the simple exercises of running and jumping, it would seem that an average boy inducted into the Army might well be improved by some special athletic training.

"DEATH STALKED US UNDER MOBILE BAY!"

A true experience of EARLE P. JOHNSON, Arlington, Va.



1 "TWENTY FEET BELOW the muck of Mobile Bay," writes Mr. Johnson, "I was supervising a crew of sand hogs in the building of a new tunnel. Suddenly, to my horror, the lights went out. In the utter blackness I heard an ominous rumble.



2 "FEAR GRIPPED MY HEART as I snapped on the flashlight I always carry. By its beam, I saw that an entire brace of timbers was giving way! The kind of death that haunts sand hogs' sleep was facing us.



3 "THEN, WORKING LIKE MADMEN in the steady beam of the flashlight, the crew braced the timbers. Thanks to dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries, we won a reprieve from death.

(Signed) Earle P. Johnson

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FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE



TOOLS FOR VICTORY

(Continued from page 29)

consin, with large quantities for military use. Many foods, including cheese and canned milk, are also on their way across the sea. And even the State's vast chain of paper mills is making target paper, shell wadding, wrappings, cartons, government-ordered printing paper.

From a dozen cities in the State come industrial engines, beds and cots, rubber tires, matches, trucks, Diesel engines, aluminum products, paper and fountain pens. Shipyards along the shore of Lake Michigan are busy, as they were back in 1917, building for the Navy and the Coast Guard. Yards at Sturgeon Bay, for instance, have halted work on all pleasure craft to build small craft for

the Navy, while at Manitowoc the largest shipyard west of Pittsburgh is hard at work on no less than ten submarines.

Indeed, it is along the shores of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior that the visitor must sense the quickened pace of our new industrial effort. Hour after hour the ships go by, the big, low freighters that often reach 600 feet in length. Today they are heavily loaded with iron ore from the great ranges at the head of the Great Lakes. (Strangely, Wisconsin with its iron ore along the Superior shore, and its huge iron and steel industries, smelts no ore, leaving this to other States.) Every ship on the Lakes is in service.

Like one of its greatest factories that

is known throughout the world as the factory that builds machines "that can't be made," Wisconsin has a reputation for accomplishing things that can't be done. They said Wisconsin couldn't be farmed—it was all forest; yet today many of its agricultural outputs top every other State. They said Wisconsin farming was finished when the chinch bug destroyed the wheat fields—but dairy cows took the place of wheat and made Wisconsin the greatest dairy-products producer in the world. Wisconsin couldn't be important as a manufactory because it had no coal—yet coal by boat and "white coal" from harnessed rivers have made possible industrial operations that have few equals for size and diversification.

Today, Wisconsin is working day and night to make good her boast that in a pinch you can depend on her.

KEEP AWAY FROM CLEVELAND

(Continued from page 19)

her home, and attacked her in a garage. Some time later she was walking with her father on the street when suddenly she clutched his arm.

"That's the man," she whispered.

The girl's identification was positive. The man had a wife and family, claimed he had never seen the girl before.

Fortunately, Cowles at the time of the crime had examined the clothes of the girl, had secured minute amounts of male semen. These last for a long time, although not visible to the unaided eye. Now, semen is classified in four groups which correspond exactly to the four types of human blood. For example, you don't have Type A blood and Type B semen. Only recently has this vital fact been known in official places. To put it very simply: It is frequently possible to show that a certain secretion does *not* belong to a certain person, but it is not possible to prove that it does.

Specimens of semen connected with the attack and specimens of blood from the accused man indicated that he was not guilty, in the opinion of medical authorities, and he was released despite the protests of the girl's parents.

Some time later the real criminal was caught, confessed to this attack and others. But for modern scientific crime detection an innocent man might have been sent to prison, embittered for life, his family broken up.

MINNIE BERGER and her husband, paying a Sunday morning visit to their hat factory, were greeted by two men with pistols, who locked them in a small room. An hour later, when the burglars' movements could no longer be heard, they stole back into the shop and found that \$2000 in hats and raw felt had disappeared.

Cowles and his assistant were surprised to discover, in cracks of the tongue-and-groove wooden floor, some grains of common oats, only a few.

"Has there ever been oats in the place?" he asked.

The proprietors roared. No sir. No horses around here!

The robbers evidently had taken the goods out the back door. Had anyone in the neighborhood seen a truck there that Sunday morning? After some days the detectives found a man who had. Then they questioned all concerns who rented trucks, traced those which had been used that Sunday, made sweepings from the floors of all of them. In one mess of sweepings they found oats. From the company's records they got the names of two men who had rented that truck. Arrested, the men were identified by the Bergers. Police found much of the loot in their possession, also some hemp bags used to carry off the stolen goods. They had once been feed bags. Stray grains of oats, embedded in the folds and dropping here and there, were enough to bring two felons to justice.

SCENE, a Cleveland café. Time, at 1 A.M., the night of January 29, 1940. An upstairs tenant heard scuffling below, a scream, then silence. He called the police.

George Blazie, bartender, was lying on the floor—murdered as he counted the night's receipts. He had been repeatedly struck on the head with a blackjack or heavy weapon of some sort. On counting the silver stacked near the cash register and referring to slips of paper on which he had added up the money, \$20 was missing, most of it in quarters. Yet the victim's pockets were untouched and in his basement room was \$200. Beside the body lay a pipe and a glove; on the floor was a cheap emerald ring; out-

side the door was a brown button torn from an overcoat.

Cowles examined the pipe under a microscope. The lower side of the stem was rough; the smoker had sharp lower teeth. But the upper side was smooth. He reasoned that the owner had artificial upper teeth, couldn't bear down on the pipe stem because it would loosen his plate. Detectives now narrowed their curiosity to the café's customers who had dental plates.

One such person, Clarence Rost, had left town on the night of the murder. He had false uppers, it was said, and smoked a pipe. A girl friend, establishing an alibi for Rost, told of going to the movies with him that evening. She had, in fact, paid for the tickets and refreshments. Rost's mother, that same night, had taken a message for him: that a share-expense auto trip to California was starting the next morning. Rost had come home at midnight, had gone out again, had come back at 2 A.M., packed his clothes, and left. Broke early in the evening, he now had funds to start for California.

With these facts established, Cowles made sense out of some pin scratches on the bowl of the pipe, almost worn away. He could see them with ultra violet light. They were, likely, a capital R and a last letter t.

Cleveland police wired ahead and Rost was brought back to Cleveland. Confronted with the evidence he admitted that the pipe was his. This placed him at the scene of the murder. He had gone to the café, he said, for a loan. When Blazie refused, there were words and Blazie had struck him. In defending himself Rost had killed him.

The prosecution, however, had an answer. Detectives had located the man who'd driven Rost to California. He tes-

tified that Rost had paid his share of their expenses, \$20, in *quarters*. Exactly the amount stolen!

Robbery—murder—and prison for life . . . all for twenty dollars!

A MAN walked into a Cleveland pawnshop, borrowed money on a .45 automatic. It's not a bad plan to store a pistol until you need it. But Cowles has persuaded pawnbrokers to let him examine all guns they receive. This gun's serial number had been filed off; apparently it was "hot."

Criminals ought not to waste time removing numbers, because the scientific crime detective knows all the answers. When the number is punched at the factory, the molecular structure of the steel undergoes changes far below the surface. By grinding and highly polishing the metal where the number was, and then treating it with an etching acid, the number reappears—for the acid eats away the softer metal faster than it does the metal hammered by the die.

It happened that this pawned gun had been stolen from a naval officer whose home had been burglarized, so the police were ready for the man when he came to redeem it.

ANNABELLE PRICE, estranged from her husband, returned home one day to get some clothes. Neighbors heard two shots. When police came the woman was dead, with a round bullet hole in her head. Lying unconscious near her was the husband, with a ragged wound above his ear. A pistol lay between them, broken open. The man recovered.

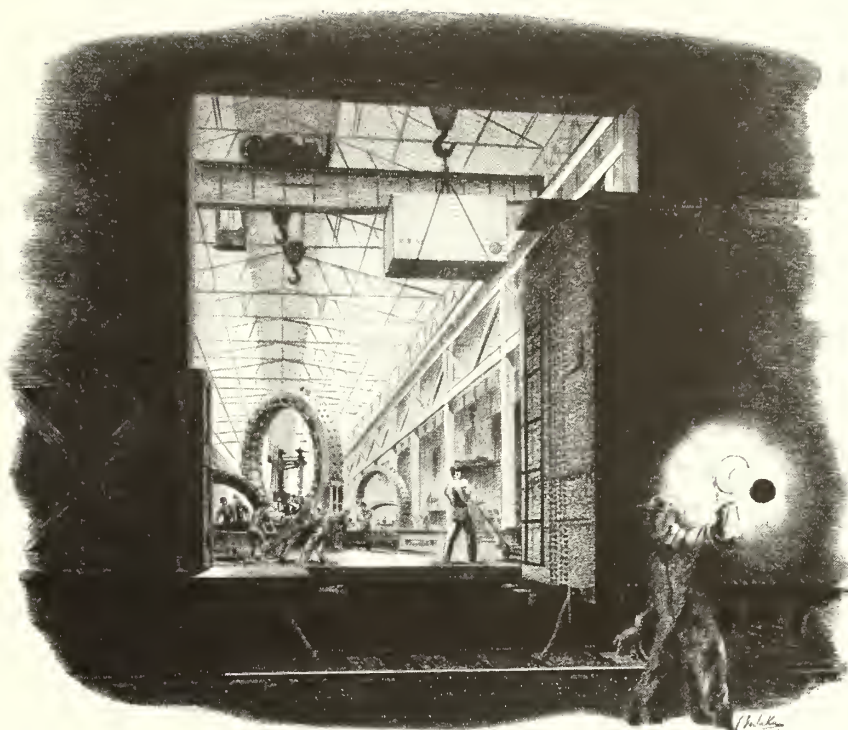
The question was: Who shot whom? Cowles was able to tell after examining the bodies, the bullets, the gun.

The bullet from the wife's head was rounded. When a pistol is fired, the hot lead bullet is soft, almost molten in the barrel. But it cools on its deadly errand when fired from a distance, and leaves a *rounded* wound in the flesh. Conversely, the bullet extracted from the husband's mastoid bone was *flattened*. The wound was powder-blackened and irregular, proving the pistol had been close to the head.

The second (and last) shell fired from the gun showed unusual concussion: the powder residue was heavy, the priming cap had been forced out, the revolver had been broken.

Why? Well, a ballistic expert knows this may happen when explosive gases are prevented from leaving the barrel—for example, when the muzzle is pressed into human flesh.

If the wife had shot the husband, with the gun held close to his head and the pistol breaking in the act, she could not then have shot herself with it. If you assume that the husband shot the wife, from a distance, and then pressed the revolver against his own skull, you have a situation in accord with the evidence. A jury sent the husband to prison.



Out of the Night

IN LOS ANGELES it is eleven o'clock; in Detroit, one; in Schenectady it is two o'clock in the morning.

In Los Angeles a young riveter moves a little faster down the row of rivets that stitches a gleaming airfoil. In Detroit a helmeted welder concentrates on the harsh arc that knits two pieces of steel plate. In Schenectady a veteran machinist watches a little more intently the lathe tool that pares a precise 1/1000 of an inch from a 20-inch steel shaft.

Listen! You will hear them: staccato beat of rivet guns . . . crackle of welding torches . . . harsh whisper of turning lathes. The sounds of America working!

Look! You will see them: factory windows ablaze at night . . . long freights rolling by in the twilight . . . somewhere in Newfoundland six bombers, motors idling, poised eastward on a runway in the gray dawn. The signs of America producing!

Many men, many places, three shifts. But *one* job—to make America secure.

Different machines, making different things—bombers in Los Angeles, tanks in Detroit, generators in Schenectady. But behind them all *one* universal force: electric power—turning lathes, joining metals, providing a changeless, universal light.

For more than 60 years electricity has been the power that makes all work kin. In itself one of the major industries that have contributed so much to American life—contributing now in its own right to national defense—electricity is today vital to all the others as they labor "all-out" in America's defense. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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They're All Obsolete

(Continued from page 21)

human endurance with all the aids now known to science, for air combat. Possibly they are right, but some of us recall pronouncements in the early 1920's by eminent aeronautic authorities that the limit of practical speed in flying was 150 miles an hour. Such statements were based on the premise that high flying speeds inevitably entailed high landing speeds, and that high landing speeds offered too great hazards to crew and passengers. The logic of such reasoning was perfect. It merely failed to foresee the development of flaps, aircraft brakes, which enable high speed planes to land slowly and safely.

In the field of aeronautical prophecy the conservative is always at a disadvantage. He who says a thing can't be done, or imposes limitations, risks being quickly discredited in this era of stream-lined science. The radical prophet who does not place a time limit on his prediction may deftly avoid an accounting by merely saying "Just wait and see."

I have in mind the prophecy of a man whom America hailed, and all Europe as well, as its greatest scientist of the latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Simon Newcomb was elected to the Hall of Fame exactly 25 years after his death—the minimum time in which that great honor may be bestowed. In 1908, a year before he died, Simon Newcomb wrote an article on "The Prospect of Aerial Navigation" in the *North American Review*.

Weighing all the progress of airships and airplanes of that period, the eminent scientist considered the inclemency of the weather and the discomfort of motion through the air at a speed approaching (*approaching*, mind you) that of a railway train, stating, "We may well doubt whether any person will ever prefer flying to railway travel."

He concluded: "The writer cannot see how anyone who carefully weighs all that he [Newcomb] has said can avoid the conclusion that the era when we shall take the flyer [airplane] as we now take the train belongs to dream-land."

When the wind is in the west some 250 well-loaded transport planes winging in and out of LaGuardia Field in New York by night and day hum their rebuke above the niche where sits the bust of Simon Newcomb.

On the other side of that school of mind, which in our boyhood days stoutly maintained that the automobile would never replace the horse, there has been fulfillment of some amazingly accurate predictions.

There have been other Cassandras for the air phase in the present war, but as a complete prophecy of the tragedy

which engulfed his own beloved France, one would seek far before finding a more accurate prophecy than that which was made by Marshall Foch a few years before his death.

Said the late commander-in-chief of the Allies in the World War: "The military mind always imagines that the next war will be on the same lines as the last. That has never been the case and never will be. One of the great factors in the next war will obviously be aircraft. The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the governments and thus becoming decisive."

The stormiest petrel of Britain's modern Navy was Lord John Fisher, generally hailed as the father of the dreadnought. His retirement as First Sea Lord timed with the flight of Louis Bleriot across the English channel in 1909, portending the end of the security that rested in an island position.

Recalled to service at the outbreak of the World War, he was first the friend, then the foe, of Winston Churchill as a result of disagreement over the Darda-

nelles campaign. Within the short space of eight years Lord Fisher saw transition from the frail Bleriot craft of sticks and fabric on an epochal 31-mile hop to the ominous roar of German Gothas raining bombs on London operating from German bases.

At war's end the battling sea-dog septuagenarian predicted: "As the locusts swarmed over Egypt, so will aircraft swarm in the heavens, carrying (some of them) inconceivable cargoes of men and bombs, some fast, some slow; some will act like battle cruisers, others as destroyers. All cheap (and this is the gist of it), requiring only a few men as the crew."

Lord Fisher's prophecy of twenty years ago still is ahead of the present. The cost of aircraft is no longer cheap. Crews are increasing in size. His attending statement that the air controls the water, his advocacy of a completely submersible navy, remains to be proved by decisive war events. Bases for a "locust swarm" are yet problems to be solved. There remains another problem to be answered, dependable fuel supply in both the British Isles and on the Continent. Happily those latter problems do not affect us though our vast installations in new air bases are gradually being provided.

Abandoning the field of prophecy, we may best judge the future by the past, with due appreciation that not only



New Canaan (Connecticut) Post recently presented Westbrook Pegler, noted newspaper columnist, with a plaque for his outstanding Americanism work. Shown in the picture with Mr. Pegler are H. Everett Scofield, who was the Post's spokesman in presentation of the plaque, Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, radio comedian and active Legionnaire, who was master of ceremonies, and Post Commander Quincy Goss

does the present find us in a streamlined era, but that air progress is now the favorite child of a spendthrift father—Mars.

We were ten, we average Legionnaires, when the historic flight of the obscure bicycle repair brothers, the Wrights, gained an insignificant item in the press. For the next five years practical human flight was the talk of the madmen. Not until we were fifteen did we kids see flying demonstrated as a reality.

We were in long pants and smoking our first forbidden "coffin nails" behind the barn when the exhibition era made the names Beachey, Hoxie, Johnson, Graham-White new heroes to be worshipped. Do you recall the flight of Glenn Curtiss from Albany to New York in 1910? With two intermediate landings that Superman of our youth had flown 152 miles in the breath-taking elapsed time of four hours and 58 minutes.

The airplane was still a box-kite lacking any offensive armament when the World War burst upon us, as we reached manhood.

Tragically, America did not act on the rapid advances made abroad during the first two years and more of the war, as the unarmed kites of 1914 progressed to specialized types of greater speed and dependability, as pursuit planes, observation craft and bombers. Our declaration of war found our Army aviation a branch of the Signal Corps with 55 unarmed planes, 51 of which were pronounced by experts to be obsolete and the remaining four obsolescent.

We failed to darken the skies of the Western Front with American aircraft in the challenging phrase of our air effort. One reason was that European advisors kept changing specifications, preventing mass production. Not until after the war did we have a possible understanding of motives why blueprints were being constantly changed.

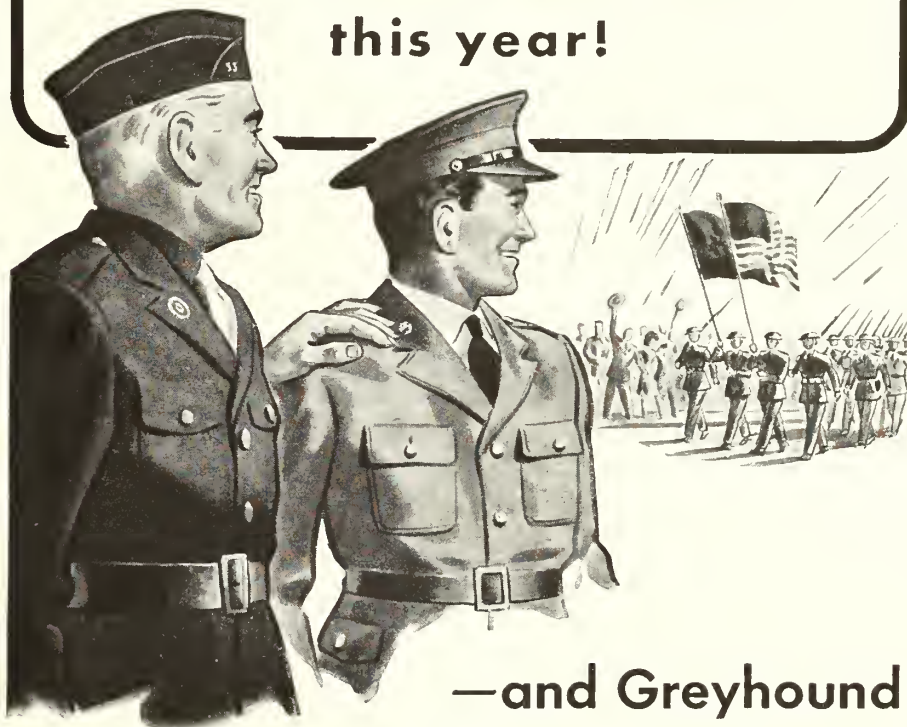
Long after the Armistice there came to light a secret significant memoranda from M. D'Aubigny, president of the aeronautical sub-committee of the French Army. Dated in April, 1917, it advised French aides to the American air effort:

"It is necessary to take into account that the war has given birth to a new industry for which, in the national interest, we ought to reserve a vast market after the war by limiting in *whatever measure possible* the competition of foreigners."

With the Armistice, ninety percent of our booming aircraft industry was liquidated overnight. On top of our own surplus of military craft it became necessary to invoke patent law protection to prevent a flood here of surplus foreign aircraft—offered at one cent on the dollar. Congress, not understanding the need of constant research and development to advance the performance of planes, made niggardly approach, 1941

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priations, on the theory that the war surplus should first be used up. There was then approximately a ten-year period when aeronautic development was at a standstill in the Army. The Navy, however, brought forth the aircraft carriers, developing special types of planes for shipboard service, most notably conceiving the dive-bomber. Air services of the United States were not alone victims in this period of stagnation. Our former Allies suffered the same frustration. It was a complete paradox that the Treaty of Versailles, disarming Germany in the air and limiting her new development to commercial types of low horsepower, laid the foundations for her present air superiority. At the stroke of a pen Germany's war surplus vanished. Alone among the belligerents she had a clean slate, with the added incentive of so designing her new planes that refinements in design would compensate in speed and useful load for the limitations imposed in horsepower.

Lindberg's flight to Paris in 1927 resuscitated America's dying aircraft industry through the sinews of finance. Empty treasuries suddenly overflowed, enabling use of the last of surplus war engines, the building of new aircraft. But except for air transport, that civilian boom to flying died with the stock market collapse.

America's air transport system was the envy of the world in extent, speed, luxury, dependability when the Munich crisis first aroused our people to the menace of war wings. American-built transports literally webbed the world. Flivver planes had made our private flying incomparably the most extensive of any nation. But military aviation was another story. The four-year-old G.H.Q. Air Force, measured in numbers of modernity of equipment ranked low. To our great moral credit American air leadership rested on wings of peace.

The egg from which our marvelous leadership in air transport truly was

hatched was air mail. Mail was being flown between New York and Washington, with an intermediate stop at Philadelphia, so long ago as the spring of 1918. Neither its speed nor reliability commended it in its pioneering stage.

We may mark all real progress from 1926, when the air mail was farmed out to private contractors.

The World War took the airplane from swaddling clothes to knee pants. In that four-year period speed and ceiling were generally doubled.

It is most comforting to think of flying as it may serve mankind when the present madness ends.

In commerce Europe will not be more than ten hours distant, Asia less than a day and night journey. For sport and new civil services the new airports which will dot our continent will have limitless flivvers, and air limousines. To the swelling army of civilian pilots, retired war pilots will be added. We stand on the threshold of the air age.

TINDERBOX OFF *ASIA*

(Continued from page 17)

Germany. Germany lost Tsingtao to the Japanese, supported by the British, during the World War. Tsingtao remained Japanese territory (1914-'22) until the powers gave it back to China.

Let us not forget either that what Hitler is doing in attacking Russia is not a new program. It is the same old Kaiser Wilhelm dream of a Greater German Empire, the historically familiar Mittel Europa, a German drive to the Near East (better known as the "Berlin-Bagdad Line," a German-controlled political and economic system embracing the Balkans, Turkey and the Mosul oil fields, and productive German colonies in Africa and Asia.)

Hitler is not wholly without naval power in the Pacific to help Japan. The *Scharnhorst* (the German passenger liner, not the German pocket-battleship which the British repeatedly bombed in the French port of Brest) tied herself up in the Japanese port of Kobe when England and France declared war on Germany. The *Scharnhorst* did not put in at Kobe by mere chance; she could have undertaken to run the gauntlet, as did the *Bremen* from New York, to get into home waters.

I made a voyage on the 30,000-ton German liner *Scharnhorst* and met on board an officer, in mufti, of a foreign power. We strolled all about the vessel as he talked freely of his voyage being merely that of "going to Ceylon to buy tea." One day he took me to a spot on deck where the wind would not carry our words to listening ears.

"What have you seen aboard this ship?" he asked.

"A very fine passenger steamer," I replied.

He smiled and nodded affirmatively. "You are not of course," he said, "a naval constructor." Then he remarked: "What I see is a ship designed and built to be quickly converted into an aircraft carrier."

Thereafter, during our strolls below deck, he pointed out to me the various braces and gun emplacements and reminded me that the *Scharnhorst's* speed—28 knots—is close to anything the American Navy has built as an aircraft carrier.

And how many other aircraft carriers Japan has built in her shipyards for German use in the Axis war in the Pacific is not wholly a secret from the intelligence service of other governments.

The Hitler drive into the Near East was not as remote, and of no personal interest to the United States, as the map of the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean indicated. But the Far East knew, as an offset against Hitler in his drive through the Near East toward the Far East, about the secret British naval base which stands between Hitler and any easy junction with Japanese forces. The "secret" naval base is a secret, however, only to the general public, **not to** foreign powers. After taking a look at the formidable Singapore base I went on to the British colony-island of Ceylon, which, at the lower tip of India, lies directly between the Indian Ocean outlet of the Suez Canal and Singapore. Arriving in Ceylon, I asked a Colombo newspaper man about the Ceylon naval base. "Sh-h!" he warned. "Nobody talks about that here. A Colombo journalist who

tried to get out there left Ceylon shortly afterward on 'important and permanent business abroad.' Where did you learn about the naval base?"

"From a Japanese intelligence officer in Shanghai," I replied. "He appeared to know all the details."

I did, however, learn all that I wanted to know in Ceylon about the secret naval base. It is at Trincomalee on the eastern coast of the island. Trincomalee is a nature-fortified harbor which, with military installations begun by England in 1935, provides the British Empire with key bases in the Indian Ocean—in this war the Indian Ocean must also be viewed as the Pacific Ocean. The three strategical bases are those at Aden, at the Indian Ocean exit of the Suez canal; the Trincomalee base in Ceylon, and the widely advertised Singapore base.

There are factors which have risen to complicate America's defense in the Pacific. At no point in known history has the political and military situation of the world changed so rapidly, and quite so fantastically. Only an impracticable dreamer could foresee the Anti-Comintern Pact Powers—Germany, Italy and Japan—actually joining hands with Red Russia. But it came about and at once cast a shadow of menace darkly on our Pacific Problem. Then the political picture of the world changed overnight again in late June of this year when Hitler declared war on Russia.

This did not lessen America's Problem in the Pacific. It only emphasized again the belief of many military men that a World War is inevitable, for with Hitler once in possession of a football on the Indian Ocean he will be in a position to

materially help his friend Matsuoka.

American military strategists have taken into consideration every possible shifting of the balance of power in order not to be kept napping, knowing full well that Hitler provokes war where and when it serves his purpose. So we now find our once First Line of Defense, the Hawaiian Islands, our Last Line of Defense, for we have flung our protective strategy for Pacific peace beyond the Pacific and into the Indian Ocean.

It is not so much that we are in process



"That's place I wuz tellin' ya about, Slug!"

of settling with Japan for all time this long-smouldering feud in the Pacific but we are settling too Hitler's designs on the Pacific. American naval men used frankly to admit that, except for Corregidor, the highly fortified island in Manila Bay which rises, an impregnable rock, 650 feet out of the water, the city of Manila could be taken by the Japanese within four days. American naval men began qualifying that admission shortly after the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Pact came into being. Today, due to the "wall of iron" that America has built up around Japan, and which is in a sense the Great Wall of the Pacific and as important at this period of history as was the Great Wall of China in the third century B. C., the possibility of Japan taking the city of Manila is considered remote.

This Great Wall of the Pacific was not an overnight job. While our diplomats were soothing excitable and belligerent Japan with soft words—to the annoyance of some Americans who were not conversant with what was going on—our defense forces, the Japanese saw, were driving nails in the Japanese military coffin. The line enclosing the Empire of Japan and Mandated Areas extends from Korea northward, bisects the Russo-Japanese island of Sakhalin, wanders southwest to take in the Marshall Islands, runs south to the Pelew Islands, north of the Philippines, cuts south to embrace the conquered island of Hainan (directly off Hanoi, French Indo-China), comes southward to enclose the Paracel Islands (just north of Saigon, French

Indo-China), and joins the line again north of the Philippines.

Outside of the Japanese zig-zag line the United States has, to the north, the base at Unalaska (Dutch Harbor), which is within plane-striking distance of Japan's Kurile Islands; slightly north of Tokyo is the American base at Midway Island, farther back, westward, is the base at Hawaii. Then, southeast is Wake Island; at the extreme top of the Japanese line are the Philippine Islands.

Directly inside the Japanese line or circle is the American island of Guam, the fortifying of which Japan contended—and so convinced the American Congress—would be an "unfriendly act." Talk about anything by way of military, defensive precautions being an "unfriendly act" disappeared from American Congress vocabulary when objectives of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo program became clear in the minds of citizens of the United States.

WHAT is our strategy in the Pacific?

Due to the extended positions of our forces a "hit-and-run" war is seen by numerous observers to be the more practicable method. While it is true that Japan has drawn a cord around her own throat, it is not considered possible for the American forces to pull this noose tight suddenly and strangle Japan's economic and military system. Japan could be permitted, by our naval strategists, to slip naval units, raiders, aircraft carriers and supply ships through our "iron wall"—but, and this is no deep military secret, the American fleet arm thinks it could keep them from getting back inside again.

We of America must not lean too heavily on an economic collapse of Japan or even a sudden swoop of American planes, which, with loads of incendiary bombs, would destroy the Japanese industrial cities of Nagasaki, Kobe, Osaka and Tokyo. These supposedly "bamboo cities" are not so easy to destroy as some of our armchair technicians have argued. Walking through the streets of Tokyo I saw that every six blocks of the city are enclosed by concrete buildings, a firewall to prevent flames spreading from the bamboo homes inside the concrete wall. The building of this concrete-square idea was a strategy adopted by Japanese architects in 1923, after the disastrous earthquake and fire in Tokyo. These squares of concrete would be a fairly effective military wall to keep under control fires started by incendiary bombs of an attacker. I saw too that the Japanese were building similar fire-defense walls in Osaka, Kobe and Nagasaki.

Starving out Japan is not going to be an altogether simple form of attack, either. Within her Pacific Ocean circle Japan has plenty of food. From 1933 to 1939 Japan was practically self-support-



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ing in rice, importing less than one percent of her own requirements. During 1940 she laid in surplus stocks of rice totaling four billion pounds, and is now acquiring two billion additional pounds from China and French Indo-China. The food line from Europe has been broken, temporarily at least, and until it is fully restored Japan will doubtless move cautiously.

Manchoukuo, from Dairen to Harbin and along the Amur River, is itself a storehouse of food, especially abundant in production of the nutritious soy bean; and Japan's principal diet is fish and soy beans and rice.

The food value of the soy bean is still only dimly recognized in the United States, yet it is an important factor in war. When the Germans captured a region where I happened to be, on France's last line of defense, German soldiers showed me what looked like bars of chocolate but which, they told me, was a derivative of soy beans. They claimed a bar of this was sufficient food for a German soldier for four days if he lost contact with the field kitchen. In Shanghai I was served a complete meal of soy bean products by Dr. Muller of the Adventist Mission hospital staff. What I at first thought was chicken cutlet was imitation chicken made from soy bean mash; and what I thought was cow's milk had also been made from soy beans.

The stiffest factor in the "Problem of the Pacific" is going to be that of cutting Japan's line of food and military supplies coming out of Korea and Manchoukuo. Dairen, the principal port of Manchoukuo (actually Kwantung Leased Territory but also controlled by Japan) is an ice-free, all-year port well inside the protection of the Peninsula of Korea, which juts out from the Asia mainland and extends well on down toward Nagasaki. Nagasaki itself, by reason of its geographical location, is vulnerable to naval attacks, but Japanese supply ships can cut around north of the tip of Korea and reach Kobe, an important harbor, almost unmolested.

Getting inside this snug nest of supplies is a problem to which our military technicians have devoted considerable thought. Japan's Kurlie islands form a protective barrier from Siberia on down to Nagasaki. The United States does, however, own the string of Aleutian Islands near the chain of the Kurlies. We have a good harbor on the island of Unalaska, thus making Japan's supply line from Dairen and Korea and (if Germany should conquer Russia) Vladivostok, vulnerable to attack by long-range bombers. The coast line and islands in that sector are an almost impregnable stronghold for the Japanese and if we are to carry out mass air attacks we must have an air base in Japan's Kurlie islands; this would call for an American expeditionary force, possibly trained

parachute troops. Getting close to Dairen with an American aircraft carrier or other surface naval units would be a hazardous military problem. But it could be done.

Another important factor in the Pacific Ocean crossword puzzle is Japan's huge arsenal at Mukden, Manchoukuo. Mukden is a railway junction city of 400,000 population and is sufficiently far inland, being half way between Dairen and Harbin, to be well out of range of aerial attacks unless we do have a base on the Kurlies. Good highways and excellent railway transportation connect Mukden direct with Dairen. Mukden also is on the direct trans-Siberia rail-

it was, nowadays, only a "museum." He gave me a number of booklets to prove it. These related that Japan, peacefully-minded, had converted the arsenal into a museum to show the world what a horrible thing war is.

But when I walked up to the Mukden arsenal it was the strangest "museum" I have ever come across in my extensive travels. Smoke was belching from every high chimney and long lines of trucks were bringing out what I recognized as boxes of cartridges and guns and other military material. Japanese sentries were at every gate to discourage "visitors to the museum."

In Manchoukuo I visited too the



way (there's that German-Russian war again) and connects with the Russian section at Manchouli. The South Manchuria Railroad has criss-crossed Manchoukuo with feeder lines, all of which were explained to me in Dairen when I talked with Yosuke Matsuoka while he was President and General of that railroad, a Japanese-government owned railway into which a tremendous sum of money has been poured in recent years.

The Mukden arsenal is capable of employing 30,000 men on a 24-hour basis. The Japanese Embassy at Hsinking, with that candor and good will traveling writers so often find in Japanese officials, told me that I could see anything I wanted in Manchoukuo. So I said that I wanted to see the arsenal that Chang Tso-lin, the "Old Marshal" of Manchuria built in 1925 and which was taken over, together with all of Manchuria, by the Japanese in 1932. The Official Spokesman at the Embassy shrugged the arsenal out of the conversation. He said

Fushan coal mine, the biggest in the world. I discovered, however, that instead of mining coal for industry the coal was being converted, the greater part of it, into oil for the Japanese navy. A Japanese official told me that Fushan could supply one-quarter of the navy's oil needs.

Axis pressure against the British in Europe during the last few months has left the United States all but alone in the Pacific, even the might of Australia being bent toward Britain's War Effort.

But, if as I have pointed out, Japan enjoys certain strategic and geographical advantages, that is, food and military supplies from Manchoukuo, the United States, thanks to our military technicians, can keep our supply lines open for needed Malay tin, and rubber from the Netherlands East Indies.

We enjoy another advantage, too. Japan's preoccupation in China means that she must keep a substantial part of her navy allocated to guarding her sup-

ply lines to China, for she cannot depend to any great extent on production in China for either food or military supplies for her troops.

Japan long has coveted the island of Borneo, the second largest island in the Malay archipelago and situated between Cochinchina and West Australia. Two-thirds of the island is included in the Netherlands East Indies, the remainder being British; this third of the island has a population of 890,000. The island is rich in oil, rubber, tobacco, coal, diamonds and gold. But the oil wells on Borneo have been mined since Japan's invasion of China and can be blown up

the moment Japan strikes to the South.

Another advantage enjoyed by the American forces is that Japan has kept the Kwantung-Japanese army of 250,000 constantly in Manchoukuo, being chronically suspicious of Russia despite Stalin's firm handshake.

Some less optimistic observers predict a ten-year war in the Pacific, on the basis of hit-and-run tactics until Japan has been defeated by a war of attrition, a wearing down and cutting off of the Japanese empire and its military strength piece by piece, bit by bit and with no great loss to ourselves in manpower or naval units.

The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

Board. He is a member of Aviators Post of New York City.

IN *Bursts and Duds* each month we carry an assortment of jokes, anecdotes and incidents, none of them guaranteed as to age or crispness, but generally speaking believed by whoever happens to be their current compiler to have something of a smile in each. Of course they're not all bursts, but we hope that few of them are duds, because for each one we use we pay a dollar. All stories are basically old. As Kipling put it:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre;
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

Irvin S. Cobb, who would know more funny stories than any living American, tells in his autobiography (*Exit Laughing*, published by Bobbs Merrill, which kept this typewriter-key-thumper up all night with its grand picture of the world of yesterday and today) tells how a Cornell University professor informed him a certain wheeze Cobb had used was at least as old as Josephus, who flourished at the beginning of the Christian era. Cobb goes on:

So I looked in Josephus' great tome
where the professor indicated I should

look, and I came on a passage to this general effect: "It is inscribed among the earlier chronicles that in ancient Thebes a sage, addressing one of his followers, said, 'My son, name for me six quadrupeds peculiar to Ethiopia.' Whereupon the disciple with promptness answered, 'Master, three water-horses and three camelopards.'"

SCOTLAND POST No. 2, The American Legion, sends along the following carry-on note:

"On the 19th of last month the members of the above Post met in Glasgow for lunch and it was felt that this was rather an unique gathering in that our Post is probably the smallest in the Legion, consisting of nine members who are drawn from a very large territory. One of our members is in the far north, about four hundred miles from here, while others are situated at distances of one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. All our members were present with the exception of the one man in the north, and although we are such a small Post I assure you it was a most enthusiastic gathering. Our membership includes one lady (Mrs. MacKenzie), who was an Army Nurse, and our oldest member (Dr. Whitehouse) is over eighty years of age. WILFRID L. HIRD, *Commander*."

Our hats are off to Commander Hird and Scotland Post No. 2, which we trust is "still going strong." THE EDITORS.

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Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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GOTTA HAVE *RUBBER* TO WIN

(Continued from page 11)

which fold out of sight inside the wings when not in use, will support the plane until the pilot can be rescued. Life-rafts, likewise made of rubber, are carried in many planes and blimps; they inflate amazingly at the turn of a crank, or on contact with the sea, which releases gas under pressure, and form a rubber boat. Inflated food-rafts are used to drop supplies to distressed seamen.

Without tires made sturdier than ever before, these tremendously heavy war-planes could not land at the speeds they do. So on some of the new super-bombers you have tires running as large as eight feet in diameter and weighing 976 pounds apiece. Even the smaller third tire on such planes, in the rear or in front on the tricycle type landing-gear, weighs 300 pounds.

It used to be a simple matter to destroy an enemy plane, merely by puncturing the gasoline tank. A tracer-bullet would ignite the gasoline; or even the drip-drip of raw gasoline on the hot exhaust pipes would be enough to bring the plane down in flames. The new bullet-sealing gasoline tank ends that. A bullet goes right through, but the gasoline doesn't leak. A gummy layer of rubber flows into the gash and plugs the leak.

You know about army tanks, and the new squad-cars which move four or five men over any kind of ground at 40 or 45 miles an hour on rubber tracks, or a combination of half tracks and pneumatic tires. And army trucks are nothing new, perhaps. But their equipment is new. In the First World War only a few trucks in all France had pneumatic tires. The others had solid rubber tires—almost forgotten today—or steel rims, like a farm-wagon. The tires of synthetic rubber then available on a few passenger cars had to be jacked up every night, or the tires would splay awkwardly, leaving the tire unshapely.

But today's army trucks, at least in the U. S. Army, have pneumatic tires. The figures are impressive. When the emergency developed in 1940 we had 14,000 trucks. By the spring of this year we had 140,000 trucks. By the end of 1941 the Army will have 250,000 trucks. And our men will know how to use them and how to service them, too! Recent weeks have seen detachments of army men at the various tire factories, learning how to patch tires and how to change a tire—blindfolded. As a cavalry troops needs a stableman and veterinarian, so mounted cavalry needs its own service department. These trucks get rough use!

More and more of these tires are bullet-proof, especially on all combat cars. These puncture-proof and gun-proof tires have proved popular on difficult assignments, particularly with the po-

lice, for gangsters not only shoot back but also scatter nails, so that a pursuing car with ordinary tires can't continue the chase. The police went for a tire with self-sealing tube which seemed to thrive on nails and spikes and bullets. The Army tested this type of tire thoroughly at Aberdeen, Maryland, and found that, although a 50-calibre bullet will puncture the tire and cause a slow leak, the tire will heal itself when you start driving on it. In other words, these bullet-seal



tires and tubes are practically non-stop-pable, as long as the car is in motion.

Gas-masks are a familiar symbol of modern war. Even though the Nazis have not yet used gas in this war—possibly because fire has proved equally destructive and also carries slightly less opprobrium with it—there is always the threat that gas can be used, and when least expected. The Swedish government recently took delivery on 1,500,000 gas-masks, made over here, and of a new all-rubber type, molded to fit the face. The United States Army is equally vigilant. Millions upon millions of gas-masks have been made and tested for every possible type of gas. Besides the familiar canvas-and-rubber face-piece, or the newer all-rubber type, you now can buy U. S. Patent 2,238,492, called a "non-terrifying" gas-mask. The new non-terrifier has a transparent face-piece, instead of the huge ogling eye-panes and, besides being less liable to fog, gives a wider angle of vision—and also is less frightening to the children!

Today's civilians engage in modern war, even when they stay home and go quietly about their business. Rubberized suits for fire-fighters—de-contamination suits for the squads that purge a building of the traces of gas—warm rubber footwear for men who guard building roofs during air-raids—rubber cushions and mattresses for those forced to sleep in air-raid shelters—these are some of the items by which rubber is helping alleviate some of the discomfort and the danger to life in today's war.

Barrage balloons, that float aloft a mile or more high to trip up enemy air-planes in flight and crash pilot and plane to the ground, are a new development of defensive war. But they call for no new manufacturing genius; in fact, we're al-

ready making them. Barrage balloons fly high, and carry no pilot. Observation balloons of course carry an observer or pilot and have been well used by both our Army and Navy.

Blimps are coming into prominence for use in shore-patrol work. The United States knows how to make these ships. Moreover, because we have the world's only substantial supply of helium gas, which is almost as light as hydrogen and is non-inflammable, any lighter-than-air equipment we send up doesn't have to be afraid of fire.

When you drop demolition bombs and incendiary bombs by the dozen into the heart of any modern city, considerable damage results. A tense year before the war became close, the City of London brought in miles and miles of fire-hose. Some was to be used to fight fire. Even more was held on hand to replace shattered water-mains in a hurry—to pipe emergency water supplies overground and thus prevent sickness and even pestilence.

Both civilian and military hospitals need lots of rubber when war comes. Some sixty percent of all war wounds are bone fractures, many of them deep and messy. The World War developed Dakin's solution, which was sluiced through an open wound to effect a quick cure. That war also focused attention on the method of using maggots, newly hatched and sterile, to clean wounds and promote healthy healing. You watch the maggots through a transparent bandage, which may be rubber or a new synthetic with rubber-like qualities. The same type of transparent sheeting, waterproof like rubber, will undoubtedly help the medical profession in its merciful work of healing, come another war.

And of course there are the familiar hospital uses for rubber: surgeon's gloves, water-bottles and ice-packs, catheters, rubber sheeting for the sick-room—and now new latex foam mattresses for army hospitals and ambulances.

Rubber washbowls are a familiar article in any army camp. A new collapsible darkroom of rubberized fabric for army photographers provides working space which is sheltered from the light and yet folds away quickly and compactly.

And to complete the story, the Army has just ordered rubber heels for a million pairs of shoes.

THE Navy makes bountiful use of rubber—rubber deck-cleats, for safer footing; rubber expansion-joints on battle-ships; acid-proof rubber linings to protect battery-room compartments of submarines; rubber diving-suits; and of course rubber insulation for the many miles of telephone and signal and light wires on any U. S. fighting-ship.

Incidentally, the Navy is taking kindly to a new synthetic elastic which is as ef-

fective an insulation as real rubber, and in some ways even better. Rubber burns. The Navy prefers an insulating substance which will not support flame. So a new material developed by rubber chemists, a thermo-plastic made of coke, limestone, air and salt, has most of the properties of rubber and, while it will singe, it will not support flame.

Another new development in rubber is interesting the Navy. That is a new form of rubber which is twice as light as cork. Called cellular rubber, this item is comprised of cells completely walled off from each other, each cell containing a tiny bubble of gas. Cellular rubber promises to make better life-saving jackets and life-belts, and might even be useful in helping to build pontoon bridges.

Other uses of cellular rubber are to insulate the under-surface of the steel decks of mosquito-type torpedo-boats, and in other places where light weight plus resistance to heat, moisture, oil, acid, fire and vermin is important.

Another new kind of rubber is now going into the big searchlights of the U. S. Coast Guard. This new rubber won't tarnish the polished silver reflector, as ordinary rubber would. It fits tighter than ordinary rubber or cork; keeps out the weather perfectly, so that the lamp doesn't steam or fog and so doesn't have to be taken apart so often for cleaning. This special rubber was developed and tested in the sealed-beam headlights of your automobile.

WHEN you think of rubber you instinctively value it for its insulating qualities. Every telephone lineman and power-house repairman wears thick rubber gloves, rubber footwear, and wraps extra insulation around his steel pliers. Only by the help of rubber can they "finger death at their gloves" end where they piece and repiece the living wires," as Kipling said in "The Sons of Martha."

But plenty of accidents and fires and

explosions have taken place because of a something called static electricity. For instance, if a gasoline truck didn't drag that bit of metal chain behind it to sluice the static electricity into the ground, the friction caused by the gasoline sloshing around inside the tank would make sparks enough to explode the whole tankful.

Fires and explosions caused by static electricity have been so widely feared that gun-crews and powder-handlers on battle-ships have at times been required to work in bare feet or stocking feet. The same problem exists in coast guard stations and all shell-loading plants and arsenals.

Comes now an entirely new development in rubber, called conductive rubber. By adding certain chemicals during the mixing process, science can now produce a type of rubber which will conduct electricity. In other words, you can now buy and wear special conductive rubber shoes which, instead of storing up static electricity until it reaches dangerous quantities, will quietly ooze this electricity into the ground—and all is safe.

Conductive rubber promises to be a godsend and a literal life-saver in the powder magazines of ships, as covers for the sewing-machine tables in powder plants (where the gunpowder is sewed into tight silk bags); for conveyor belts on smokeless-powder mixing-machines, for gasoline dispensing hose, and for transmission belts in rooms where shells are tested and other rooms where explosive mixtures are made. Shoes of conductive rubber will also help prevent explosions in airplane hangars, where the high-octane aviation gasoline is so hungry for a spark. Similar shoes of conductive rubber for hospital surgeons and nurses will go far to prevent the occasional explosion of ether which sometimes happens even while the patient is on the operating table.

Thus in a broad forward move does science conspire to use rubber to make rubber both more deadly and at the

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same time more merciful. Or at least, to fix things so that the "accidents" all happen to the other fellow, and not to our own brave men in uniform.

The pictures show some of the startling new uses of rubber in today's military life.

And where, you may ask, is all this rubber coming from—this in addition to the 300-odd parts of rubber used to silence and improve today's motor-car, the rubber used to silence rattles and road-hum and keep out the dirt from our trains and trolleys and automobiles? How supply an army and a navy that are rubber-hungry and still provide new tires for the Old Man, and rubber-pants for Baby?

Well, brother, don't be surprised if you are asked to employ a little home ingenuity for the duration. The sad truth is that there isn't enough rubber in hand to go around. And the Army and Navy come first.

Already Secretary Ickes has been talking deeply about reviving gasless Sundays—those relics of the 1918 war. Already the manufacturers of rubber products are being allotted a dwindling supply. Most of the rubber in this world grows in Sumatra and Java, about 9,000 miles from our shores. There's still plenty of it there, but getting it safely home is a terrific problem in war times.

Of course different people have given considerable thought to the problem! Each of the country's leading rubber companies has done what extra buying it could, for months past. Each has its own precious reserve. The Federal Government had stocked up, as of May 1st, with 177,856 tons of crude rubber, which is being held for a rainy day. But even these huge reserves, while representing many millions of dollars, would not last long if our supply-line were cut.

American interests have 75,000 acres of rubber plantation in Liberia, and about half of that is now in production. But even so, you have an ocean to cross.

RUBBER can be obtained from a desert weed named Guayule, and small amounts have been grown for several years. Unlike rubber trees, where you tap the sap, Guayule is uprooted and shredded and the rubber squeezed out of the wood. You plant it from its own seed, which is as fine as lawn-seed and lasts indefinitely.

Guayule yields more rubber if you give it time. People who know, however, tell me that if the Government starts immediately with sizable plantings of this native weed, inside of eight months you'd have considerable rubber, at a cost of 57 cents a pound. Given a year, the price should drop to thirty cents; given two years, to twenty cents. Imported rubber costs today 23 cents a pound. Its price has fluctuated from 3 cents to \$1.20 a pound within recent years.

Rubber is a colloid, with a chemical

formula— C_5H_8 . That much the chemists have known for many years. But producing rubber synthetically was a problem that only recently has been solved. Every sizable rubber company in this country has maintained a research laboratory for years, to find new uses for rubber and thus open new markets, to break down and analyze competitors' tires in comparison with their own and thus make increasingly better tires, and to learn new things about rubber. These chemists have found how to take materials with a basic formula something like that of rubber, and by re-arranging the molecules and adding new ones, have given us synthetic rubber every bit as good as what Mother Nature makes out of the rain and the soil of the ground.

Goodyear, B. F. Goodrich, Firestone, and United States Rubber Company have, or are now setting up, plants to produce several tons of synthetic rubber a day. Now Jesse Jones, as head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, is allotting Federal funds to build government-sponsored pilot plants where man-made rubber can be produced. There will be four of these plants, and the spirit of healthy competition will continue to work to improve methods and produce a lower-priced product.

But it takes some months to build a plant and tool it and train workmen. Meanwhile the situation might become acute. Don't be surprised therefore if the Office of Production Management drops some rather forceful hints to the effect that you'd better manage to make those tires do—by driving more slowly, and by staying home on Sundays! Don't be surprised if some standard items, such as electric-light cord, and maybe even hot-water bottles, become more difficult to get, or don't hold up as long as similar items used to. The rubber manufacturers may have to use increasing

quantities of reclaimed rubber, obtained from boiling down old tires; and while it's better than no rubber at all—better indeed than what most countries of Europe have in the way of rubber at the moment—still it won't hold up like new rubber.

Already one large tire company has asked the public to give up white sidewall tires. The reason is that white sidewalls require two pounds additional rubber per tire. And that is a needless luxury for wartime.

The newspapers and magazines will keep you posted as to other changes, for rubber has become front-page news.

MEANWHILE, watch where you park your car. Keep your garage locked at night. Out-smart any prowler who might attempt to make away with your tires. It may be difficult to buy others nearly as good, for some time to come.

You might also hang out the hot-water bottle to dry, after each use, and dust a little talcum down inside, to prevent the moist surfaces from sticking together. Any little thing you can do to make the nation's present supplies of rubber last a little longer will help our country's defense. And do it cheerfully, brother, because—like it or not—some of us are plain old-fashioned civilians this time. And the Army and Navy get first call when it comes to rubber for carrying on this defense program.

Editor's Note.—The pictures used to illustrate this article were furnished by coöperation of American rubber manufacturers, as follows: page 10, airplane tire and tank, Firestone; self-sealing gas tank, U. S. Rubber Co.; barrage blimp, Goodyear; page 11, tank tread, Goodyear; non-terrifying gas mask and deicer equipment, Goodrich; puncture-proof tires, Seiberling.



"122 years old!—couldn't you get anything fresher, dear?"

They call it Snug Harbor

(Continued from page 33)

more than thirty-two thousand. Union veterans in that State have been reduced to a bare sixteen, four of whom still retain membership in the G. A. R., keeping two Posts alive with two members each. The 1941 Encampment was held with two of the four members present—perhaps the last one that will be held. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

As Grand Army Posts pass out of existence, Posts of The American Legion are frequently designated as custodians of the records, relics and property of the elder organization. Just recently, at San Diego, California, when the membership of Datus E. Coon Post, Grand Army of the Republic, had been reduced almost to the point of extinction, its ninety-five-year-old Commander, Comrade Arthur E. Vest, turned to San Diego Post to care for the records and charter. A memorable meeting was held in the War Memorial Building when the presentation was made by Commander Vest to Past Commander P. A. Whitacre, who had been designated to receive the records for San Diego Post.

Chairs for Clergy

LEGIONNAIRE Alvin E. Teichart, pastor of St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Crafton, Pennsylvania, served Frank R. Kirk Post for eleven years as its Chaplain. Late in May a new stone church building was dedicated and as a tribute to Chaplain Teichart his Post presented the new church with two pulpit chairs for the clergy, each marked with a suitable tablet. At the same time Legionnaire Murray Crissman presented two flags for church use—Old Glory and the Church flag. On June 1st Chaplain Teichart was called back into service, for duty at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. During the World War he served with Ambulance Unit 529 in Italy.

St. Louis Softball

LEGIONNAIRES in St. Louis regard their softball league games as one of the important sports events of the year, and an intense rivalry has been worked up between the crack teams. Navy Post team won the city championship four years in a row—then there was confusion about the 1940 winner. Navy Post claimed the championship for its fifth straight; a dispute arose and St. Louis Fire Department Post was called the winner by some authorities, and that claim was reported in Keeping Step for January. Now the matter has been officially settled—Navy Post gets the cup.

Publicity Chairman Alfred A. Simon says in his letter: "It looks like there is not going to be an American Legion softball league this year. Navy Post lost one of its best men when Lieutenant Commander Charles La Barge was called to active duty and assigned to a destroyer in the Pacific."

Alabama Leads

THE Department of Alabama will lead the Big Parade at the National Convention at Milwaukee on September 16th—a position of honor won by its achievement in taking top place in membership enrollment based on the previous four years' average as of May 1st. On that date Alabama stood at the head of the four-year average list with a percentage of 121.17, with Arkansas trailing close behind with 119.06. Texas followed with 118.05; then came Georgia and North Carolina. That's an all-Southern team.

In checking over Alabama's report an interesting story about its Department Membership Chairman came to light. On May 9, 1917, Alex O. Taylor, an engineering student at Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, left college and reported to the First Officers Training Camp at Atlanta, Georgia. Almost to the day, twenty-four years later, May 7, 1941, Major Alex O. Taylor, Director Engineering Extension at the same college, left the same school and reported to the Atlanta Municipal Airport as officer in charge of construction to convert it into a military airport. But he retained his post as Vice Commander of the Department of Alabama and Chairman of its Membership Committee.

Art Show

IN COLLABORATION with Bangor (Pennsylvania) High School and the Slate Belt Artists' Guild, Emlyn H. Evans Post of Bangor has for the past five seasons put on an elaborate art exhibition. Paintings are submitted by school children in the area and by adult artists, and during the years the exhibitions have been held some famous names have been linked with the art movement.

Among them are Cullen Yates, National Academy; Hobson Pittman, Penn State College; Walter Emerson Baum, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and this year, George Biddle, American Art Associates. Legionnaire Peter B. Mendler, an artist in his own right, is the liaison officer between the Legion and the art groups.

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an exhibition of the kind attempted and each year more than twelve hundred visitors are attracted to the show. A medal award is made to the pupil whose painting is adjudged best of those exhibited.

Citizenship Day

DEMOCRACY and Christianity march hand in hand. Circuit Judge A. Clay Williams of Pittsfield, Illinois, told more than twenty-five hundred people who had gathered in Quincy, Illinois, Stadium to attend Citizenship Recognition day ceremonies sponsored by Hill-Emery Post, The American Legion, in honor of new citizens of the past year. The observance was part of a nationwide celebration of "I Am An American Day," planned especially for young people who became twenty-one years of age during the past twelve months, and also for newly-naturalized citizens.

The third annual observance of New Citizens' Day at Wellsburg, West Virginia, says Legionnaire George S. Larimore, found the largest audience ever to attend the event. The affair is sponsored annually by Wellsburg Post and Emrys Watkins Post in the nearby town of Follansbee. The principal speaker was Phil Conley of Charleston. Past National Vice Commander and ten-year member of the Legion's Publications Commission.

Helps Stricken Comrade

"MEMORIAL Post of Rochester, New York, takes the Preamble as

its law, particularly that section relating to mutual helpfulness," writes Dr. Moses Holtz, Publicity Officer. "Recently when Comrade Irwin Borncamp was stricken with Buerger's disease it was reported to the Post that he was in need of a special apparatus to assist the flow of blood to the affected parts. Within half an hour after the report had been made, a special committee reported and an order was given for the purchase of a rhythmic constrictor. The machine was purchased and put in use the next day and has been used since, much to the satisfaction of the patient. In other ways our Post carries on its service program; Service Officer Calvin Hildreth has distributed more than five thousand packages of cigarettes and candy to departing draftees."

Shorts and Overs

LEGIONNAIRE Joseph B. Milgram of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer Post, Brooklyn, New York, gave the Brooklyn Public Library a complete file of The American Legion Magazine. That's a good idea for others who wish to dispose of their accumulated magazines; the libraries are always glad to have them. . . . Rotterdam Post of Schenectady, New York, recently held a big meeting to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on their Post home. "Organized in 1933, the fifth of six Posts in the county, we are the first one to own our own home," writes William F. Kieft, Adjutant. . . . Commander Peder M. Ness of Forges Post, Chicago, Illinois, reports that at the recent A. B. C. tournament held at Minneapolis, Minnesota, the Post's

Treasurer, William E. Hoar, bowled a perfect 300 game. He is the ninth in the forty-one years of the tournament to bowl a perfect game, and is the first Chicago bowler to make the top record. Comrade Hoar has served as Treasurer of Forges Post for six years. . . . Thirty-five members of Needham (Massachusetts) Post, says Post Historian Wilbur G. Rugen, turned out for three days' service during the spring aircraft warning test. They built a very substantial house on top of a sixty-foot steel observation tower located on a hill nearly five hundred feet above sea level, and for the three days had a first-line place for observation purposes. . . . Commander Homer W. Hurlburt of La Mesa (California) Post says that Legionnaire Jack McDaniel, of his Post, was recently reunited with his old war horse, "Old Buck," now thirty-three years old and still in service with the 11th Cavalry at Morena, California. "Old Buck" is the horse Legionnaire McDaniel rode on border patrol with the 11th in 1918—twenty-three years ago. . . . Lewis J. Blodgett Post of Folsom, California, is sponsoring a \$1,500 "Home Defense" pistol and rifle tournament in connection with, and as a programmed feature of, the California Department Convention at Sacramento. The event will be held August 10th on the ranges of the Folsom State Prison and though it incorporates the regular Department Convention shoot for Legionnaires, it will be open to the public. A grand prize of \$750 has been arranged for, with a wide range of other prizes. . .

BOYD B. STUTLER

Safe Anchorage

(Continued from page 37)

part in the Somme Defensive and Offensive from April until August, 1918, we had one of our first-aid posts in the ruined town of Sourdon in the Somme, from where we evacuated wounded to a field hospital a few miles to the rear of the lines. Sourdon was about two hundred yards back from the lines and was more or less under constant shell-fire. In Sourdon were the ruins of a typical small French church of which we used the steeple as a lookout during quiet periods. I took a snapshot of the church as it appeared during those hectic days of the summer of 1918. The postcard view of the church as it appeared before its partial destruction by shell-fire was found by me among the ruins of the town.

"The third view shows the new church that was built on the same site a few years after the war. I obtained this last picture by writing to the Mayor of the town during 1939—almost twenty-two years later. A strange thing was that the Mayor had been the official mail carrier

for our division, 3d French Division, during the war although I did not know him then.

"Sourdon is again in the hands of the Germans and I wonder if the new church is still standing or in ruins. To date I have been unable to get any replies to my recent letters to the Mayor of Sourdon, whose name is Monsieur A. Flament. Enclosed are several letters from the 'Maire' himself. I wonder if any Legionnaires who may still be in the occupied part of France could give me any information about M. Flament.

"I enlisted at Allentown, Pennsylvania, where I played on the football team, and then went overseas as a casual, sailing from Hoboken on the *Pastores* on December 26, 1917. We landed at Brest, after taking a southern course, on January 10, 1918, and while awaiting transportation to a base camp we had to stay aboard ship for three days. The second day was a Sunday and the commanding officer called together the three hundred soldiers aboard and announced that there

would be a Protestant church service on board ship at eleven o'clock, but that the Catholics would be excused to go ashore to worship at the Cathedral in Brest. He then asked all Catholics to line up to go ashore and you can imagine his surprise when practically every soldier stepped forward!

"We marched up to the Cathedral, went in one door and some immediately marched out another door, and then spent most of the day wandering about town, visiting the cafés and eating our fill of 'bif-steaks,' eggs, French-fried potatoes and, of course, drinking wine. At night we returned to the *Pastores* and nothing was said of our being A. W. O. L. No doubt they realized we needed some diversion after being aboard ship for about two weeks.

"I joined S. S. U. 634 at Rarecourt near the Argonne Forest on January 22, 1918 and immediately started to drive an ambulance and at that time we were attached to the 3d French Division. We also were with the 53d French Division.

"Once while in Paris on leave, I attended a boxing show with Lieutenant Lewis of S. S. U. 572 where we saw Gene Tunney, who was then just a good boxer, fight. After the bout, Lieutenant Lewis, who knew Gene, suggested that we take him back to his barracks in the lieutenant's staff Ford car. So we picked Gene up and started out. While passing down the Rue Royale we had a flat tire and Gene helped us change the tire, which was of the old clincher type and quite a job to change. I have often won-



Four stalwart brothers named Withers, of Providence, Kentucky, served their country in the World War

dered if the former World's Heavyweight Champion remembers that occasion. I would like to hear from him and from my old comrades of S. S. U. 634."

DETAIL dodging? No, this department would call it first-rate ingenuity—we're referring to the snapshot of the pint-sized donkey hitched to a lawnmower and driven by a buck private. The print came to us from Legionnaire Henry W. Potts of 21 Lansing Avenue, Troy, New York, who was acting as agent for one of our women comrades, according to his letter:

"I am enclosing a snapshot. It was sent to me by Mrs. C. L. Swain of 1726 Clarkstone Road, Cleveland, Ohio. She is a member of the Legion. According to Mrs. Swain, the picture was taken in 1918 at Fort McHenry, Maryland, before she went overseas to Savenay.

"Mrs. Swain would like to learn the identity and subsequent history of this soldier."

We wrote to Mrs. Swain for more details and for information about her service and this is what she added:

"That snapshot was taken at Fort McHenry in 1918 just before I went across. I don't remember the soldier's name but I do the incident. He was assigned to sanitary detail as a punishment. He took his orders with a smile as he was a good-natured lad about nineteen years old. So down to the stable he goes, gets an army mule, hitches it to a mowing-machine and went to work, whistling. Even the colonel couldn't keep a straight face

when he saw the set-up. I was off duty, so I took the picture.

"As Christine L. Brown of Stapleton, Staten Island, New York, I trained at Sydenham Hospital in New York City and enlisted there in the Army Nurse Corps. I served with Base Hospital 69 at Savenay, France.

"My brother, Clayton Brown, went over with the 27th Division and when I learned he had been reported missing, I put this ad in the Paris edition of the New York Herald during December, 1918: 'Pvt. Clayton Brown, 106th M. G. Bn., 27th Div.—News of same is requested by his sister, Christine Brown, Army Nurse Corps, Base Hosp. 69, Savenay Center, A.P.O. 701.' Lieutenant Randall of Ticonderoga, New York, of the same Division, answered my request in detail and I wrote to my brother.

"My brother came to Savenay two days before Christmas on a seven-day pass, and ran across a cousin of ours, Robert Davidson of Howe, Indiana, whom I didn't know, Captain Glazier, my cousin's commanding officer in the 309th Engineers, 84th (Lincoln) Division, had my cousin, my brother and myself as his guests for Christmas dinner in Savenay. It happened this way: My superintendent wouldn't permit me to have Christmas dinner with my cousin and brother because they weren't officers. When Captain Glazier heard about it, he said, 'Oh, yes? Well, you all come and have dinner with me. Now let her come up and find fault!'

"I am a member of Edith Work Ayers Post of the Legion, composed of ex-nurses only, here in Cleveland."

YAPHANK. Does that have a familiar sound? The name is distinctive enough—but perhaps Camp Upton will bring back clearer memories of that cantonment out in the pine and scrub-oak wilds of Long Island. While it was the training home for the 77th Division, that camp will be remembered by thousands of veterans who, like the Company Clerk, cleared through it on the way back from the A. E. F. Present reports indicate that the old camp has been revived and is humming with selectees from the metropolitan area who are introduced to army life there for a short period before being assigned to organizations in other army posts.

Through Finance Officer William H. Dey of Montclair (New Jersey) Post we can enjoy a flashback to Camp Upton days through the picture of a platoon of rookies being put through their paces in 1918—one of which group, like thousands of other veterans, has since risen to a high place in our economic life. But we'll let Comrade Dey tell the story:

"The enclosed postcard picture may be of interest to the Then and Now Gang. The arrow points to John E. Paul who later became Sergeant Major in charge of the enlisted detail of G-2 of the 77th

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

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Work, play, contests. Parade!
Local Post has a HOME! Write!

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Lively, snappy sessions—lots of fun here and the World's Finest and Safest bathing beach. Come!

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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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Division. The men shown were of Company E of the 308th Infantry which was one of the companies in the 'Lost Battalion' and it is quite probable that many of the men shown in the picture are among those who lost their lives on that epic occasion.

"Sergeant Paul is now Vice President of the U. S. Radium Corporation at 535 Pearl Street, New York City, and is serving his country again—this time from the standpoint of doing some very effective work in connection with the luminous treatment of various airplane instrument dials and other defense equipment. He is a member of Newark (New Jersey) Post. At the time of his enlistment his home was in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and he was employed by the Ingersoll Watch Company. He registered in New York City, was sent to Camp Upton and placed in Company E, though later transferred to machine-gun work for a time and then to the Scouts, Observers and Snipers School. Overseas he was sent for special training with the British where he saw some action and then was attached to G-2 and ended his service as sergeant major in charge of the Division Scouts.

"MY OWN service during the war was rather tangled. I had to make seven definite efforts to get in at all and then managed to get in only because of special qualifications which, in the army manner, I was never called upon to use. I signed up for this work with the Army Transport Service with headquarters in New York City and was to have been commissioned a 1st lieutenant. When I did get in, I was informed that I couldn't be commissioned but this left me in the Army, and I was appointed as an auditor in the Purchasing Section.

"Eventually I got a transfer to the Field Artillery, sent to Camp Jackson to Battery D of the 7th Regiment F. A. R. D., and on October 30, 1918, we left Camp Jackson for Camp Hill at Newport News to sail for overseas service, but on the morning of November 11th we received the royal raspberry from the patriotic shipyard workers and others because the Armistice had been signed.

"My only claim to distinction in service is that of perhaps being the only soldier who ever spent six months in France without crossing the ocean—though I did not draw overseas pay for it. While we were on the transport at Newport News, and we did get that far on our way to the A. E. F.—we were given postal cards on which we could give our overseas address to our folks, and somehow or other my card was mailed, so my folks wrote me letters to France which after about six months were returned, rubber-stamped to the effect that I had returned to the United States and giving the date of the return! So since you cannot return without going—I *must* have been overseas!"

IT WAS even a longer trail than to the A. E. F. that some of our fighters took to participate in our World War. For instance, the men who saw service in Siberia.

From a member of one of the transports that plied between the States and the port of Vladivostok, Siberia, we received the picture of his ship, the *Logan*, which we show. Our contributor is Erwin M. Hirschfelder of Rincon Hill Post, San Francisco, California, whose address is 250 Front Street in the city at the Golden Gate. Here is his yarn:

"I am enclosing a picture of the U. S. Army Transport *Logan* taken alongside the American Base at Vladivostok, Siberia, during the winter of 1918, with the temperature 42 degrees below zero. This transport brought back many of our boys from Siberia and on Voyage No. 62 during 1919 I obtained a signed list of some of the officers on that homeward trip with whom I enjoyed many days of travel, and I would like to hear again from any of them, to know where they are located. In that group was Past National Commander Stephen Chadwick, then 1st Lieutenant, 27th Infantry, and among others were Lieutenants A. R. Greenaway, George N. Browning, Carl R. Mitchell, M.C., John Nelson Blood, O. D. Busbee, Coleman J. Carter, Lester K. Ade, Martin Ebner, Arthur W. Blomquist, Archer D. Orme, Raymond E. Hillmer and W. J. Bunanek; Captains Frank A. Paul, Fred F. Stocking, Frank N. Hoffmeir and James A. Work, Jr.; Majors William V. Lindsay, Fred D. Fairchild and E. J. Farrow.

"I was quartermaster clerk on the *Logan*, having been ordered from Camp Kearny during 1917 to assume that post on the transport, and I made several trips from San Francisco to Siberia.

"Our transport took the first contingent home from Siberia, leaving Vladivostok on April 1, 1919, and it was *not* April Fools' Day for the boys who were sailing as they had been waiting a long time to return to the good old U. S. A. On that day, Major General Graves, Commander of the A. E. F. Siberia, was at the dock to bid his boys farewell as was also the band of the 31st Infantry. We arrived in San Francisco on May 6, 1919.

"I hope I hear from some of those ex-Siberia Expedition passengers."

NOT to be outdone by English River Post of Kalona, Iowa, which boasted in Then and Now, in the April issue, of four brothers as members, Clarence McCoy Post of Providence, Kentucky, claims the same distinction. While the use of this picture is another violation of our announced policy of publishing only pictures of *four* or more brothers in *uniform*, here is Legionnaire Orville Withers to tell about the group of soldiers—all, though in mufti:

"Since groups of four or more Legion-

naire brothers-in-service have been passing in review in Then and Now, I would like to present a picture of a half-squad of brothers who served a combined period of 77 months during the World War—most of that time overseas. Sorry I haven't a picture of the four of us in uniform, but the enclosed picture was taken in 1916, not long before we left for service.

"From left to right, we are: Carroll, Damon, Orville (myself), and Everett, and we are all members of Clarence McCoy Post of the Legion here in Providence, Kentucky.

"Carroll joined the Coast Artillery Corps at Tacoma, Washington, with which organization he went to France. He is a recent Past District Commander of the Legion.

"Damon became a casualty by way of gas while serving with the Rainbow (42d) Division, and still suffers from his disability.

"Everett and I joined the old 2d Kentucky National Guard, from which we were transferred to the 149th Infantry, 38th Division, which after reaching the A. E. F. became a replacement outfit. Everett was transferred to the Engineers and I to Company F, 305th Infantry, 77th Division, which was at the front."

MILWAUKEE—the mecca of tens of thousands of Legionnaires during the Legion National Convention, September 15th to 18th—is making special plans to entertain our women Legionnaires.

Under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Edna B. Myers, the Ex-Service Women's Committee has arranged the following special activities: Sunday afternoon, September 14th, tea at the Veterans Administration Facility, Wood, Wisconsin; Monday afternoon, tea at the Wisconsin Club, two to four o'clock; Monday, September 15th at 6:30 p. m., the annual banquet for all Ex-Service Women at the Wisconsin Club. For further details, write the Chairman, Mrs. Edna B. Myers, 611 North Broadway, Milwaukee, or Miss Minnie Arndt, R. N., Secretary, 2430 West Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee.

When this issue reaches our readers, it will be too late to request that announcements of National Convention reunions be published in these columns. But reunions should be reported to G. H. (Gil) Stordock, Convention Reunions Chairman, 611 North Broadway, Milwaukee, whose committee will be glad to assist in arranging reunion plans and may be able to obtain some publicity for last-minute reunions through the Convention Publicity Bureau.

Details of the following Milwaukee National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

LEGION WOMEN ACTIVITIES—Sun., Sept. 14, p.m., tea at Vets. Adm. Facility, Wood, Wisc., Mon., tea at Wisconsin Club, 2 to 4; Mon., 6:30 p.m., annual banquet all ex-service women,

Wisconsin Club, Edna B. Myers, chmn., 611 N. Broadway, Milwaukee, and Minnie Arndt, secy., 2430 W. Wisconsin Av., Milwaukee.

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual reunion and breakfast, Venetian Room, Astor Hotel, Milwaukee, Wed., Sept. 17, 9 a.m. Mrs. Mabel B. Connor, R. N., chmn., 1512 E. Hampton Rd., Milwaukee.

NATL. YEWOMEN F—Annual reunion dinner and meeting, Wisconsin Club, Milwaukee, Sun., Sept. 14, 6:30 p.m. Mrs. Laura V. Hall, chmn., 2000 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee.

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS WOMEN—2d annual convention-reunion. E. Jeannette Couture, chmn., 350 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Soc. of 1st Div.—Official annual national convention and reunion. Dr. E. H. Maurer, chmn., 7139 W. Greenfield Av., Milwaukee.

2d Div. Assoc.—Marine reunion, 306 W. Vine St., Milwaukee, Sept. 14-18. Banquet and floor show, Mon., Sept. 15, following 40 and 8 parade; Dance, Sun., Sept. 14. Wm. J. Happ, chmn., 2220 W. Galena St., Milwaukee.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual convention reunion-banquet. Hy O. Hegna, secy., Milwaukee Chap., 3d Div. Soc., 735 N. Water St., Milwaukee.

NATL. 4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual national reunion-convention, Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee. Luncheon in hotel Sept. 15, 12 noon. Theo. Tolzman, chmn., 2234-B N. 23rd St., Milwaukee.

5TH DIV.—Annual convention reunion and banquet. For details, write A. M. McGhee, 622 N. Water St., Milwaukee.

6TH DIV. NATL. ASSOC.—Reunion. For copy *Sightseer*, write C. A. Anderson, natl. secy-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

7TH DIV. WORLD WAR VETS.—Reunion and election of officers in Chapter-at-Large, Milwaukee, Sept. 14-18. R. R. Conner, adjt., 210 E. Broadway, Streator Ill.

10TH DIV. CAMP FUNSTON—Reunion dinner. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV. ASSOC.—2nd natl. reunion. H. Gordenstein, natl. adjt., 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV.—Reunion, Schroeder Hotel, Milwaukee. C. R. Pick, secy-treas., 4528 N. Winchester av., Chicago, Ill.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Natl. reunion. W. A. Anderson, 4913 N. Armitage av., Chicago, Ill.

32d (RED ARROW) DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion-dinner, Milwaukee Auditorium, Sept. 16, 7 p.m. Open house at new Red Arrow Club House, 774 N. Broadway, Milwaukee, for all 32d vets. Thos. J. Fallon, secy., 759 N. Plankinton av., Milwaukee.

42d (RAINBOW) DIV.—Reunion and registration hq., Knights of Columbus Bldg., 1432 W. Wisconsin av. Tentative plans for banquet on Mon. evening. Jas. F. Burns, pres., Gen. McArthur Chap., Rainbow vets., 2344 N. 60th St., Milwaukee.

81ST (WILDCAT) DIV.—Natl. reunion dinner. J. E. Cahall, 625 St., Charles av., New Orleans, La.

85TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Eagles Club, 2401 W. Wisconsin av. Banquet in club, Sept. 15. John J. Kraniak, natl. pres., 606 W. Wisconsin av., Milwaukee.

92d DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Jesse B. Gunn, pres., 6510 Evans av., Chicago, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—10th annual reunion and banquet. Hq. at Milwaukee Athletic Club (changed from Hotel Plankinton). Reunion banquet in Club, Sun., Sept. 14, 7 p.m. Thos. F. Burns, gen. chmn., 9100 S. May St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Natl. reunion, Uptown Post, A. L., Clubhouse, 3220 W. North av. Banquet, same place, Sept. 15, 7:30 p.m. Chicago, Ill. or D. Oakley Thompson, chmn., 4647 N. 38th St., Milwaukee.

AMERICAN RAILROAD LEGION, AEF VETS.—Annual reunion of all RTC vets, Milwaukee, Sept. 15-17. Gerald J. Murry, natl. adjt., 722 S. Main av., Scranton, Pa.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion of all vets, USA or AEF. Hq. at Federal Post, A. L., Clubhouse, 725 E. Wisconsin av., Banquet at Milwaukee Athletic Club, 758 N. Broadway, Dept. 16, 9 p.m. Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

Co. C, 46TH INF.—Reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 15. Lewis E. Pirkey, Saybrook, Ill., or I. G. Gordon Forster, 502 Liberty Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

22d INF. BAND, Hq. Co.—Reunion. Thos. Smail, 11a Ashland St., Somerville, Mass.

120TH F. A.—Reunion, Red Arrow Club House, 774 N. Broadway, Milwaukee. Smoker, beer party and entertainment, Sept. 15. Thos. J. Fallon, secy., 774 N. Broadway, Milwaukee.

COAST ART. CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion-banquet. J. A. Donnelly, 913 E. Juneau av., Milwaukee, or F. H. Callahan, 77 Water St., Medford, Mass.

62d C. A. C.—Reunion. Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago, Ill.

67TH C. A. C. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRIES, A. B. & C, 44TH C. A. C.—Reunion H. Hallagan, 26 Main St., Asbury Park, N. J.

BTRY. B, 50TH C. A. C.—Reunion. E. F. Sherry, 4608 Sylvan av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ORDNANCE, CAMP HANCOCK—2d reunion. Jos. M. Gilmore, 265 Lowell St., Peabody, Mass.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 14-16. Norbert J. Barry, chmn., 1609 N. 60th St., Milwaukee.

The Man Who Knows RECOMMENDS

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Don't rely on smokes, sprays and injections if you suffer from terrible recurring, choking, gasping, wheezing spells of Asthma. Thousands of sufferers have found that the first dose of Mendaco usually palliates Asthma spasms and loosens thick strangling mucus, thus promoting freer breathing and more restful sleep. Get Mendaco in tasteless tablets from druggists, only 60c (guarantee). Money back unless fully satisfied.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT MAY 31, 1941

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 633,982.48
Accounts receivable.....	47,509.53
Inventories	105,143.46
Invested funds	2,462,464.44
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	208,439.36
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	124,858.97
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	40,853.81
Deferred charges	22,961.52
	<hr/>
	\$3,646,213.57

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 103,652.88
Funds restricted as to use	40,437.07
Deferred revenue	459,935.78
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	208,439.36
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital....	\$2,376,065.68
Unrestricted capital..	457,681.80
	<hr/>
	\$3,646,213.57

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—22d annual convention-reunion. Chas. L. Schaus, secy.-treas., 325 47th St., Union City, N. J.

23RD ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Harvey Taftman, 1003 Main St., Menomonee, Wisc.

26TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion. W. M. Shallcross, chmn., 500 Oklahoma av., Milwaukee.

1ST GAS REGT. (30TH ENGRS.)—Annual convention reunion banquet, Milwaukee, Sept. 14-16, W. L. Lundy, chmn., 1229 W. Lawrence St., Appleton, Wisc.

39TH ENGRS.—17th annual reunion, Knights of Pythias Hall, Milwaukee, Sept. 16. Chas. M. Karl, secy., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago, Ill.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. W. B. Robbins, 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

215TH ENGRS.—Regtl. reunion. Jacob Lewis, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

603D (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis Nickles, Veterans Home, Waupaca, Wisc.

Hq. DET., 209TH ENGRS.—Reunion, Lewis T. Wells, 208 S. Ben St., Plano, Ill.

FORESTRY ENGRS. VETS., AEF—Proposed reunion all units of 20th Engrs. Tom Holman, 220 11th av., New York City.

307TH F. S. BN.—Reunion. R. L. Kessing, 240 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Co. C, 106TH F. S. BN. LAST MAN CLUB.—Reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 14. Dave Daley, secy., 6705 N. Odell Av., Chicago, Ill.

15TH SERV. Co., Sic. CORPS—Reunion. Pat D. Morgan, Grayling, Mich.

28TH SERV. Co., Sic. CORPS—Reunion dinner and meeting. Election of officers. Write Alfred W. Cooley, Alton, N. H., for new roster.

415TH R. R. TEL. BN.—For information of reunion headquarters in Milwaukee, write B. E. Cochrane, 1442 Comstock Av., Milwaukee, or James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.

4TH F & G BNS., CAMPS SYRACUSE and MILLS—Reunion-banquet. Sam S. Gelewitz, 14 Pine St., Hyde Park, Mass.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DES SOLDATS DE VERNEUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS UNITS 1-2-3, MTC, 327)—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., just prior to Milwaukee Natl. Conv. For date, write B. C. Peterson, 164 N. Elizabeth St., Chicago.

MOTOR TRUCK Co. 401—Reunion. R. L. Ristano, Washington St. Greenhouses, Franklin, Mass.

311TH SUP. TRN. CLUB—Reunion. W. P. McConnell, 2644 W. 122d Pl., Blue Island, Ill. Co. B, 338TH BN., TANK CORPS—Reunion. Ed. A. Connelly, 4 Copeland Pl., Roxbury, Mass.

VETS OF VERNEUIL AND NEVERS, MTC UNITS 301-2-3—Reunion-banquet. Hq. at Federal Post, A. L., Clubhouse, 725 E. Wisconsin av. Rev. C. N. Bittle, chmn., 1004 N. 10th St., Milwaukee.

BAKERY Co. 337—2d reunion. Other Bakery vets invited. L. E. Bancroft, Sudbury, Mass.

2d CAV.—3rd reunion, Federal Post, A. L., Clubhouse, 727 E. Wisconsin Av., Sept. 15. C. E. Ginn, secy., 157 Center St., Bryan, Ohio.

VETERINARY CORPS—Reunion of all outfits. R. K. Johnson, 101 E. 40th St., Kansas City, Mo. REMOUNT DEPOT 324, CAMP MCARTHUR—Reunion. L. C. Hoha, 1953 N. 34th St., Milwaukee.

FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN., 503 ASSOC.—Annual reunion. W. J. Calvert, 257 State Mutual Bldg., Worcester, Mass.

AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion of all Air Serv. vets. Write Walter E. Dean, natl. adjt., 69 Bigelow St., Lawrence, Mass., or J. E. Jennings, 1202 S. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

466TH AERO SQDRN. (OLD 54TH)—Reunion. John C. Schlitz, pres., Barron, Wisc.

616TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Lyman W. Williams, 213 W. Wisconsin Av., Milwaukee.

875TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion-banquet. G. C. Oldberg, 1813 Grove Av., Berwyn, Ill.

ROCKWELL FIELD Reunion Air Serv. vets. Earl A. Smith, 2745 S. Greeley St., Milwaukee.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP (SQDRNS. 27-94-95-147-185-218 & 4TH AIR PARK)—Reunion dinner. F. J. Strunk, 176 Roosevelt Av., Bergenfield, N. J.

NORTHERN BOMBING SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. B. F. Newkirk, Dexter, Mich.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME, ENG.—Reunion, Sept. 15. Write Frank Hawkinson, 3605 W. North Av., Chicago, Ill.

KELLY FIELD ASSOC.—Reunion. Bill Unger, 5879 Shady-Forbes Tr., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GEN. HOSP. 30, PLATTSBURG BKKS.—Reunion. Reba G. Cameron, Box 84, Redlands, Calif.

BASE HOSP. CAMP GRANT ASSOC.—3d annual reunion of entire personnel. Y.M.C.A., Milwaukee, Sun., Sept. 14, 1 p.m. Ella M. Bokhof, secy.-treas., 518 W. Galena Av., Freeport, Ill.

BASE HOSP. CAMP LEE, MED. DET.—Reunion Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee; luncheon in hotel, Sept. 15, 12:30 p.m. G. P. Lawrence, chmn., 348½ Wyoming St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BASE HOSP., CAMP LOGAN.—Reunion. Walter Kadell, 788 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.

BASE HOSP. CAMP SEVIER ASSOC.—Reunion. M. R. Callaway, Vets. Facility, Kecoughtan, Va.

QMC DET., BASE HOSP. 14, CAMP CUSTER—Reunion. R. F. McKelvy, Box 271, Helena, Ark.

BASE HOSP. 62—Proposed reunion. Write Carrie Devore, R. N., Oquawka, Ill.

BASE HOSP. 82—Reunion. Huxley A. Miller, Durant, Iowa.

BASE HOSP. 103—Reunion. John I. Makinen, 4 Holbrook Court, Rockport, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. 37—22d annual reunion. Write Al Hatstadt, 3127 W. Killbourn Av., Milwaukee.

HOSP. TRN. 44 (FRENCH TRAIINE SANITAIRE

C 1/2)—Reunion. H. E. Dietl, Asst. Dept. Serv. Officer, A. L., Wood, Wisc.

S. S. U. 508—Reunion. George Jacobs, 1522 W. Greenfield Av., Milwaukee.

NAVY RADIO MEN OF THE WORLD WAR—Reunion hq., and registration, Miller Hall, 812 W. State St., Mark Feder, 132-345 George St., York, Pa., or G. J. Dinius, 330 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. S. Baltimore—Proposed reunion of ship's company. Harry I. Smith, ch. yea., Hq. 9th Naval Dist., Great Lake, Ill.

U. S. S. DeKalb LAST MAN'S CLUB—Reunion Ted Stolz, secy., 5404 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa., or C. E. McIntock, treas., 4320 Tennyson St., Denver, Colo.

U. S. S. Florida—4th reunion. Milwaukee, Sept. 13-14, at home of Emroy Roemer, 2762 N. 70th St., Milwaukee.

U. S. S. Michigan—Proposed reunion of artificer branch, '17-'18. Paul A. Kier, supt., Grove Hill Cemetery, Morrison, Ill.

U. S. S. Neptune—Reunion. A. S. West, 1105 Landreth Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. S. Nopatin—Reunion. Jas. H. Harrington, 7620 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. S. Orizaba—Reunion. Dr. Groesbeck Walsh, Employees Hosp., Fairfield, Ala.

U. S. S. Plattsbury—Reunion of crew. John Korinek, 5475 N. 41st St., Milwaukee.

NATL. TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOC.—Historical exhibit at 2d and Wisconsin av., Milwaukee, during Legion Natl. Convention. Leo V. Zimmerman, 624 N. Water St., Milwaukee.

U. S. S. Whittemore—Reunion. Robert E. Cooper, Box 1232, Amarillo, Tex.



"Do you mind? I don't want to notice the old lady, either!"

U. S. S. Wisconsin—Proposed reunion. Clement G. Lanni, 49 N. Water St., Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. S. Zealandia—Reunion. Leonard W. Wittman, 1906 E. Main, Rochester, N. Y.

SYRACUSE CAMP BAND ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Thos. Small, adjt., 11a Ashland St., Somerville, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. VETS. AEF SIBERIA—4th annual convention-reunion. Hq. at Republican Hall, Reunion dinner, Sept. 17, 6 p.m. Anton Horn, natl. comdr., 10711 Avenue G, Chicago, Ill.

LANGRES LINGERERS—Proposed reunion of men in last officers' class at Army Signal School, Langres. E. H. Swanson, 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee.

LA VALRONNE VETS. ASSOC.—All vets of Inf. Candidates' School. Hq. at Elks Club, 910 W. Wisconsin Av.; Reunion, Sept. 15. D. J. La Pont, vice pres., 5923 N. Shoreland Av., Milwaukee.

NATL. SERVICE OFFICERS ASSOC.—Reunion, Sun., Sept. 14, place to be announced. J. F. Burns, pres., Wood, Wisc.

FEDERAL CIVIL SERV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-convention at clubhouse of Federal Post, A. L., 727 E. Wisconsin Av., Milwaukee. S. L. Riski, adjt., 1104 W. Oklahoma Av., Milwaukee.

ASSOCIATED TELEPHONE CO. LEGIONNAIRES visiting convention will be entertained by Bell Telephone Post, A. L., at its clubhouse, 722 N. Broadway. Noon-day dinner, Sept. 17, 12:30 to 3 p.m., Milwaukee Athletic Club, 758 N. Broadway. John J. Thielen chmn., 722 N. Broadway, Milwaukee.

NEW YORK CITY FIRE DEPT. POST—Dinner dance, Sept. 17, Astor Hotel, Milwaukee. P. Joseph Connolly, comdr., 638 Bard Av., New York City.

WOMEN WORLD WAR VETS.—Luncheon-reunion, Sept. 15, 1:30 p.m. Mrs. Theresa Creeden, chmn., 115 Holton St., Danvers, Mass., or Mrs. C. J. Otjen, 3043 N. Marietta Av., Milwaukee.

U. S. S. Eagle and Dist. Staff Hq. Personnel Great Lakes—Proposed reunion. Geo. J. Parker, ex-chief yeoman, 2113 N. 57th St., Milwaukee.

1ST DIV., PHILA. BRANCH—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24-29. David W. Davis, secy., 68 Williams Lane, Hatboro, Pa.

2d DIV.—Proposed reunion, Wichita, Kans., in Oct. Herman Tribune, 405 S. Market St., Wichita.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., PA. CHAP.—Reunion-dinner, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 25. C. R. Gelatt, secy.-treas., 1119 S. 48th St., Philadelphia.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Annual natl. convention-reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. John P. Horan, chmn., 6618 N. Washtenaw Av., Chicago.

6TH DIV. NATL. ASSOC.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24-29. C. A. Anderson, secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

26TH DIV. Soc.—Reunion-banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24-29. Louis Wintner, secy., 911 Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia.

27TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion meeting, Hotel Seneca, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 16, at noon, with N. Y. Legion Dept. Conv., Aug. 14-16. For details, write W. W. Long, Box 174, Albany, N. Y.

29TH (BLUE & GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Aug. 29-Sept. 1. Comdr. Milton E. Groome, 1141 Blandensburg Rd., N. E., Washington.

32D DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 30-31. Chas. Alexander, chmn., 108 N. Forbes St., Jackson.

34TH (SANDBOROUGH) DIV.—Annual convention, St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 9-10. Write Ed. H. Slater, secy., 2076 Dayton Av., St. Paul, for details.

37TH (BUCKEYE) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-convention, Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. James Sterner, exc. secy., 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

77TH DIV.—Divisional World War Service Medal (not issue) available. For folder, write 77th Div. Assoc., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

80TH (BLUE RIDGE) DIV. ASSOC.—22d annual convention-reunion, Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 7-10. Harry A. McClaren, chmn., Summit, Va., or Mark H. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

130TH INF. & 4TH ILL. INF.—15th reunion, Dieterich, Ill., Oct. 4-5. Joe E. Harris, secy., Paris, Ill.

138TH INF.—Reunion, Btry. A Armory, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 2. H. J. Dierker, secy., 2813 Maurer Av., St. Louis.

314TH INF. VETS.—23d regtl. reunion, Lewistown, Pa., Sept. 26-28. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlot Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

355TH INF. ASSOC.—Reunion, Norfolk, Nebr., Sept. 7-8. Wm. N. Koch, adjt., Norfolk.

353d (ALL-KANSAS) INF. Soc.—Annual reunion, Hotel Continental, Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 29-Sept. 1. Write G. Hal Burnett, co-chmn., 1827 E. 68th St., Kansas City, for details.

Co. D, 10TH INF.—Reunion, Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 10. Alvin Gebard, 1204 S. Grant St., Bloomington, Ind.

Co. I, 61ST INF.—Reunion, Gettysburg, Pa., Aug. 15-17. Wm. Else, 611 Reily St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Co. I, 140TH INF.—5th reunion, Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 30-31. L. E. Wilson, 3410 Wayne, Kansas City, Mo.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—18th reunion. Catskill, N. Y., Sept. 14. Everett Woodruff, Clark St., Catskill.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Reunion, St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 12. H. W. Teichroew, 1738 Hewitt Av., St. Paul.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions, Newark, N. J., and Spokane, Wash., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. For copy *The Cannoneer*, write R. C. Dickinson, secy., 7330-180th St., Flushing, N. Y.

Co. D, 109TH AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion, St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 9, with 34th Div. reunion. For roster, write Geo. W. Phillips, Box 265, Mitchell, S. Dak.

309TH AMMUN. TRN. ASSOC.—Annual encampment, Shakamak State Park, Jasonville, Ind., Aug. 31. H. E. Stearley, secy.-treas., Box 277, Brazil, Ind.

1ST CORPS ART. PARK—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Emory Jamison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

19TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—21st reunion-banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 9. David Woodside, chmn., 7004 Hazel Av., Bywood (Dela County), Pa.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Geo. Remple, secy., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton.

308TH ENGRS. VET. ASSOC.—21st reunion, Co-shooton, Ohio, Aug. 2-3. Lee W. Staffler secy., Zanesville, Ohio.

88TH M. P. Cos.—Reunion, Clear Lake, Iowa, Aug. 30-31. E. W. Cashman, secy., 409 N. 5th St., Austin, Minn.

U. S. S. Burrows ASSOC.—2d reunion-dinner, New York City, Sept. 28. Peter E. Cocchi, secy., 25 Malden St., Springfield, Mass.

DEPT. OF FRANCE MEMBERS—Pre-Natl. Conv. encaucus, Hotel Paris, 97th & West End Av., New York City, Sept. 8. Jack Specter, 180 Riverside Dr., New York City.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART—Convention, Atlanta, Ga., (changed from Washington, D. C.), Aug. 3-6. Frank Haley, 815 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

JOHN J. NOLL

The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

*Your
Badge of
Honor*



**WEAR IT PROUDLY
EVERY DAY
EVERYWHERE**



IT'S AN HONOR to wear the Legion button.

You've every right to be proud of the fact that you can wear it. It's proof of your Americanism. It's your symbol of service to God and Country in 1917-18 in war — through twenty years of peace — now again in the face of a great conflict. It identifies you as a true American, a patriot, a worker for the cause of freedom.

Tell the world who you are and what you stand for by wearing your Legion button — by urging your fellow members to do likewise.

The American public respects The Ameri-

can Legion for what it is and what it does. Share in that respect by wearing your button proudly every day — everywhere.

The American public is looking to The American Legion for leadership in these critical times.

The American Legion needs the wholehearted support of every one of its 1,075,000 members to carry its vast defense and Americanism programs to victory. It needs you.

Know your Legion program. Talk the Legion to others. Urge every veteran to join. Read your American Legion Magazine. Wear your Legion button.



TELL THE WORLD

*WHO
YOU ARE*



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!



SMOKING IS
MORE FUN WITH
CAMELS.
THEY'RE EASY
ON MY THROAT —
**EXTRA
MILD**

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels gives you

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

*The name is Dorothy Van Nuys.
The place—California's popular Santa
Barbara. The cigarette—America's
favorite—C-A-M-E-L!*

● She swims...she rides...she's typically modern in her zest for the active life. Typically modern, too, in wanting to know the scientific facts about the cigarette she smokes. In choosing Camels, Dorothy Van Nuys enjoys the scientific assurance of a *slower-burning* cigarette. That means more coolness, freedom from the harsh, irritating qualities of excess heat...extra mildness. And she knows, from independent laboratory reports, that in the smoke of extra-mild Camels, there is less nicotine. (See above, right.)



I LIKE THE
**EXTRA
COOLNESS**
OF A SLOW-BURNING
CAMEL



WITH CAMELS,
I DON'T
GET TIRED OF
SMOKING; THE
FLAVOR
IS ALWAYS
INVITING



CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

YES, DOROTHY VAN NUYS, and the important point is: Camel's extra coolness—all of Camel's advantages are *in the smoke*. After all, it's the *smoke* you smoke. And in the smoke of the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos there's more coolness, more flavor, extra mildness—with less nicotine.

Smoke out the facts about milder smoking yourself. For economy—convenience—get Camels by the carton.

"I NEVER REALIZED, until I changed to Camels, that a cigarette could be so much milder and yet have all that wonderful flavor," adds Miss Van Nuys from the pool's edge (above). Yes, no matter how much you smoke, Camels always hit the spot—and they're *extra mild* with *less nicotine in the smoke*.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 Extra Smokes Per Pack!